

The September 1940  
**Leatherneck** 20c  
MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES



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FOR ORIGINAL STORIES — CARTOONS — PAINTINGS!

MARINES AND EX-MARINES—LOOK!

HERE ARE 3 WAYS YOU MAY WIN!

To encourage new creative talent, *The Leatherneck* is not only offering a \$50 Savings Bond for each article, story, cartoon or painting published in this big contest! But we will also give away an additional \$100 Grand Prize for the best of each type submitted during the year!

That's a "possible" of \$150 or more for some lucky fellows — more than most Marines get in a whole month! Yet there are 3 different ways you may hit this jackpot in just a few hours of relaxation:

1. Merely send us an original story or article suitable for publication in *The Leatherneck*.
2. Or submit any 4 original cartoons for this magazine. They need not be related unless you wish.
3. Or enter an original illustration. Better yet, try to triple your prize by entering all 3 classes!



IMAGINE SEEING YOUR WORK IN PRINT—YOUR NAME ON A VALUABLE BOND!



... And think of the things you can buy with this handsome prize money!

Talk about opportunity! Here's your chance to develop talent — to "get in print" — and to win big dough at the same time. Remember, many "big time" civilian writers got their real start in *The Leatherneck*. And as for that prize! It will make a handy nest-egg for that "postwar dream" you have your heart set on! Best of all, these rewards may be yours just for enjoying your favorite hobby of writing, painting or cartooning in your spare time.



It's easy — no experience required!

No need to be bashful just because you may think you're an "amateur." We're looking for new talent. In fact, we've excluded all present and former *Leatherneck* members just to give you a chance. So step right up! Lack of reputation or rank won't count against you. The newest novice may win!



Help yourself to these handy hints! They may mean a big prize to you!

To help you crash through, we asked experts to pass some of their "secrets" to you. They graciously offered these prize-winning tips that you'll want to snap up: (a) *Be accurate.* Get names, dates, places, etc., straight. (b) *Be comprehensive.* Make sure your subject is of general interest to all Marines. (c) *Be terse.* Avoid non-essentials. Keep stories under 3,000 words — keep artwork uncluttered. (d) *Be neat.* Clean work gets more attention, has a far better chance to win. (e) *Stick to familiar subjects.* For example: your own experiences, interesting angles of Marine life, colorful buddies you know.

Now isn't that easy? There are probably dozens of incidents you've laughed or talked about that would make good stories, illustrations or cartoons. So why not start tonight? The sooner you enter, the less competition you'll have!

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES:

Entries are open to all Marines and ex-Marines unaffiliated with *The Leatherneck*. Present or former members of *The Leatherneck* staff are excluded.

The date and place of your enlistment must be enclosed and a short autobiographical sketch included. This sketch will not influence selection of winners, but may be printed with prize-winning work.

A \$50 Savings Bond will be awarded for each story or article — each illustration — and each set of cartoons published. In addition, an additional \$100 Grand Prize will be given for the story, article, illustration and set of cartoons judged "best in their class" for '47.

\$50 prizes will be paid upon publication — Grand Prizes early in '48. All winners will be notified by mail.

You may enter all three classes and submit as many entries as you wish. However, no contestant will be given more than two

\$50 awards in any one class. (Plus a crack at the \$100 Grand Prize, of course.)

All winning entries become the property of *The Leatherneck* Magazine. Other material will be returned on request, provided an adequately stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

Final entries for the year must be received by 30 Sept., '47. Entries for individual prizes will be accepted from 1 Oct., '46 and thereafter — but no winners will be published before the first of 1947.

*The Leatherneck* reserves the right to withhold the \$50 prize for any month, provided the judges find that material submitted during that month does not meet acceptable standards.

Entries will be judged by a board composed of both enlisted men and officers of *The Leatherneck* staff, as well as civilian experts. The decisions of these judges will be final for all classes.

HURRY! FIRST ENTRIES ACCEPTED OCTOBER 1st!

Send all entries to: Contest Editor

*The* **Leatherneck**

P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.



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**PUBLISHER'S NOTE:** Due to circumstances beyond our control the paper on which this issue of LEATHERNECK is printed is not of the high quality used heretofore. We will return to the grade of paper our readers have been accustomed to when it becomes available again.

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VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 9

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# SOUND OFF

Edited by Sgt. Harry Polete

## FAMILY ALLOWANCES

Sirs:

In your May issue of *The Leatherneck* you have an article on re-enlistment [page 66]. In this article you stated that family allotments were guaranteed for men re-enlisting.

I received an honorable discharge on June 5th and want to re-enlist, as I like service with the Corps. Now they tell me that your family does not rate an allotment unless you hold a corporal's rating, or higher.

My rating was private first class. I had not served quite two years at the time of discharge.

Anthony L. Jesmore  
Kansas City, Mo.

● **ALMAR 74 states:** personnel enlisting prior to 1 July, 1946, and who obtain a family allowance for dependents, will be entitled to have that allowance continued to such dependents throughout the term of their enlistment.

Personnel enlisting on or after 1 July, 1946, and who obtain a family allowance for dependents, will be entitled to have that allowance paid to such dependents until the expiration of six months following the official termination of the war.

Your rate doesn't matter, yard-bird or sergeant major.—Ed.

## WHO WERE THEY?

Sirs:

When I was in boot camp in San Diego, 1942, I saw a number of platoons of elderly men, elderly at least in comparison with us youngsters. These people seemed to be going through a modified training and the scuttlebutt was that they were all specialists of one kind or another.

I have often wondered about them and have heard several arguments among other fellows who also saw them. Some claimed they were all Stateside guards while others claim they went overseas. I did not see any of them out there and do not recall ever reading anything in *The Leatherneck* about the Marine Corps enlisting men for specialized duty.

Robert Holmes  
San Francisco, Calif.

● **About that time the Marine Corps was training groups of older men for limited duty in the States as Navy Yard guards. Also, there were numbers of men recruited for duty with the commissaries, quartermaster, etc. We believe that they were enlisted only for service in the continental limits of the United States, to relieve younger men for combat.** —Ed.

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Sirs:

I am writing to give you a new address for what few copies of *The Leatherneck* I may still be entitled to.

I haven't been getting them for some time, but it is all my fault for not sending you my change of address. Must have thought you could read my mind.

Pvt. John Hesse  
San Diego, Calif.

● **Thank you for writing and furnishing us with your new address. This matter has been given immediate attention.**

Many of the subscribers to *Leatherneck* are transferred or move and fail to furnish us with their new addresses. When their magazines are not claimed at old addresses they are returned to us. We have no way of checking on new addresses unless they are mailed to us.

We want to urge all subscribers to be prompt in supplying new addresses. Be sure to enclose the old address, too, when you write. This is important in checking the mailing room lists.—Ed.

## MARINE CORPS FAMILY

Sirs:

We enjoy reading *The Leatherneck* very much. Not only because it is a good magazine, but because we are interested in it from a Marine angle.

The reason: well, ours is truly a *Leatherneck*, or Marine, family. The only one we know of in the state of Pennsylvania, or elsewhere, for that matter.

My husband and I served with the USMC during World War I. One son served two years in the Corps during World War II. He was with H&S Co., 6th Engineer Battalion, Sixth Marine Division, and was wounded on Okinawa. After spending nine months in hospitals overseas and in the States, he has now been discharged.

The other son, not yet 18 years old, has just recently completed his boot training at Parris Island.

So you see why we are renewing our subscription to *The Leatherneck*. We sort of lost track of it after World War I, but after receiving copies of it from our son, we are glad to get acquainted with the magazine all over again.

If any of the girls who served with me during World War I read this article I would appreciate them getting in touch with me. I have located several who served during that time and we have talked recently about trying to contact as many of the Marine (f) Reservists, as we can. This is the name we were known by in that war.

Mrs. Mary Sharkey Short  
Donora, Pa.



## GOOD OLD CAMP LEJEUNE

Sirs:  
I hope that a civilian may put her two cents worth in the Sound Off. My main reason for writing this letter is to tell you what a grand group of men, and women, make up the Marine Corps. Until a few months ago, I was all out for the navy. This was natural as my brother has been in that branch of the service for almost five years.

However, in March of this year, I had the privilege of visiting Camp Lejeune, which I believe is the largest Marine camp in the country. It is needless to say that I was surprised at the size of the base and its personnel. I found the 22,000 men and 400 Women Reserves ready and eager to make our stay enjoyable.

The evening spent in the women's barracks provided us with the opportunity of meeting an average American girl who represented a cross section of the nation. It also gave us a chance to better understand the men and women in the service, as well as some of the problems they encounter.

I wish to thank the officers and men and women who made our visit a pleasant one. The Marine Corps is indeed an organization to be proud of and I shall always be one of its ardent supporters.

Patricia Bauer

Elyria, Ohio



## PROUD SANS CONCEIT

Sirs:  
I read the article the doggies wrote to you. [April Sound Off, "The Doggies Growl"] I agree with them all the way. I know the Marines are tops, but to go so far as to say they won the war; that's going a bit too far. I and, I think, a majority of the other Marines, remember who won the war in Europe and Africa. Sure, it was the Army, Navy and Coast Guard. Were the Marines there — no! It's not our fault that we weren't, though.

The Marines for their size did a wonderful job. And as far as I am concerned I would not trade the Corps for all of them put together. But I do think that the glory of winning the war belongs to all branches of the service.

The Army and Navy are our comrades in arms. I never was in the Army and never intend to be. However, it's still a great branch of the service, and I'm proud that it belongs to the United States. Most of the other Marines feel the same way, too. They remember who laid the bombs to soften up the beaches before we landed. Sure, it was the Navy. The Army fought and died beside us on Okinawa. The Navy and Coast Guard also took us into those beaches.

Sure, the Marines won a good part of the Pacific, but not all of it. There were the Army, Navy and Coast Guard there, too.

You might say I am Corps happy; perhaps I am. I plan to make it my career.

My uncle died at Iwo Jima and my best friend died in France. They were fighting for the same thing — the United States. So in closing I repeat: No one service won the war; it took them all.

A proud Marine, but not conceited  
Bainbridge, Md.

## NO EX-MARINES!

Sirs:  
When the late Lt. Gen. John A. Lejeune founded, and was elected the first commandant of the Marine Corps League at an all-Marine convention in New York City on June 6, 1923, he stated that the primary purpose of the Marine Corps League was to keep the continued interest of the "civilian Marines" and to build a closer relationship between these men and the Marines in active service.

The Marine Corps League immediately adopted the slogan "Once a Marine, Always a Marine," to remind our members that there is no such thing as an "ex-Marine."

The record of the Marine Corps League during all these years in assisting the Marine Corps in recruiting, in combatting forces that did their best to destroy the Corps, and in the present fight against the unification of the armed forces, has been outstanding and has drawn commendation from many high-ranking officers.

It grips every member of the Marine Corps League when he hears the expression "ex-Marine," and more so when it appears in our favorite publication, *The Leatherneck*.

The enclosed poster could be used in an educational campaign among your staff members and readers to teach them that there is no such animal as an "ex-Marine."

Chris J. Cunningham, Editor  
Marine Corps League Bulletin  
Albany 7, N. Y.

## PROBABLY CINNAMON BUNS

Sirs:  
How about a little scoop? Would you please state the difference between the American Campaign Medal, and the American Theatre of Operations Ribbon, if any?

Authority for the former is ALNAV 351-45, and for the latter, Navy Department General Order 194, dated 3 June 1943. Further study of these directives show that ALNAV 351-45 modifies NDGO 194 so that eligibility can be based on one year of honorable service within the continental limits of the United States.

What snobs me is: are they the same medal, or ribbon? If so, why are different names used in each case?

Also I would like to find out if there is a ribbon out for China service. If so, what are the provisions of eligibility to wear it.

Sergeant RWW  
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

• These two ribbons are literally "cinnamon buns," both being the same. How the discrepancies arose we do not know. Maybe you are confusing them with the American Defense Medal for service from the dates of 8 Sept. 1939 to 7 Dec. 1941.

The Marine Corps Manual (8-24) refers to the medal in question as the American Area Campaign Medal. This is assumed by all good first sergeants to be true and correct.

There has been no medal authorized for China service since 7 Sept. 1939. — Ed.

(continued on page 52)



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GET COLGATE BRUSHLESS SHAVE AT YOUR P. X. OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE—TODAY!

## Spit and polish is again the order of the day with Marines' new issue dress uniforms



Anyone knows that using the pockets to put things in is purely incidental. They are definitely not designed to carry even small packages, if you wish to still look sharp.

The standing collar has been retained as being a distinctive and traditional part of the Marine uniform. The Army dress uniform, scheduled for issue sometime in 1948, is blue, with lapels, and trimmed in the color of the various branches. And having a uniform that almost duplicated the Army's certainly wouldn't do, now would it? An expert in such matters claims that a properly fitted standing collar is much cooler in summer when compared with a lapelled blouse requiring the wearing of a shirt. It means a difference of between two and 12 layers of cloth around the neck, if you count the field scarf.

The trousers have been improved with more comfortable tailoring, a higher waist and lower belt loops in the greens, hip pockets with button flaps on all. For the dress uniform they are still of sky-blue kersey with NCO's and officers' having the red stripe down the leg. A blue cloth belt with officer-type buckle will be issued effective this month, with the white dress belt and plate buckle. It is fastened to the coat with loops and button tabs.

Even the headgear has been improved. The frame will come with shell Cordovan leather visor and chin strap such as only officers have been permitted to wear in the past. Shell Cordovan is finer than the most expensive patent leather made. Much to the

# REBIRTH of the

by Sgt. Edward Evans

Leatherneck Staff Writer

**T**HROUGHOUT the long and colorful years of Marine Corps history many traditions have been built around the Corps' daring in battle, and splendor in dress. Marines have just tucked another well-fought war away. Now they are putting on new clothes — new greens and new blues. Another chapter is being written on sartorial glory, military.

Even the Army, long a devotee of nothing more impressive in uniforms than its own olive drab, has recognized the Leathernecks' reputation. Rather left-handedly, Sergeant Marion (See Here, Private) Hargrove comments on our bright plumage in an article that appeared in the September 16, 1942, issue of *Yank Magazine*. Wrote the famous private:

"The United States Marine is a military phenomenon who looks like a soldier, talks like a sailor and fights like a wildcat . . . Although from year to year the plumage of this magnificent bird has become less and less bright, even today, the sight of a full-dress Marine is enough to dazzle the eyes of all who behold him . . . When he leaves his barracks he must pass the inspection of two full-length mirrors just inside the front door . . . In any shortage of electrical power, you could suspend him from the nearest lamp post and he would shed enough light for his duller looking compeers to read a newspaper at a distance of four blocks. This splendid spectacle — this symphony of blues and whites — of reds and golds — is fast fading away, leaving the Marine only the splendor of his personal beauty, his proud physique, to lend magnificence to the American scene."

Hargrove, of course, and as usual, was being funny. But there was as much truth as humor in at least that bit of his writing.

A Marine's blues are traditionally his trademark. Many will remember, during the early days of the

war, the gradual disuse of the dress uniform when the winter service greens became liberty dress. There was always that inevitable inquiry by some kind old lady: "How long have you been in the Army, son?" and the vehement reply: "I'm not a soldier, m'am, I'm a Marine!" Although many would prefer the comfort of dungarees to the color of dress, there has been much hot debate every time the mention of changing or discontinuing the Marine dress uniform was made. When the subject of a merger of the armed forces first arose with the suggestion that all branches wear identical uniforms, Marines all over the world spoke as one: "Take away our blues and make us look like soldiers? Never!"

There has been little change in Marine Corps uniforms in the past two generations. What there has been has altered the general appearance only slightly. Before any change is accepted by the Corps it must first survive a great amount of debate and exhaustive testing. Since the blues have come to be the trademark of Marines, and an old established concern cannot throw away its trademark, the Corps has now returned to business under the old brand. The dress blues are back.

This time they will provide comfort as well as color. Suspension of manufacture during the war of the previous style of dress blues, and depletion of the old stock, has permitted the development of a new and smarter one which still makes the Marine the best-dressed man on parade or liberty.

Since the peacetime uniform regulations decree that the dress blues shall be the only liberty uniform the year around, the weight of the blue kersey material has been changed from a 16-ounce to 13-ounce weight for greater comfort in all seasons. The coat has been dressed up with four outer pockets, like those on the greens, permitting better tailoring,

sorrow of some characters who insist on putting a seagoing curve in their cap covers, the former thin wire grommet has been replaced with a half-inch wide metal one, in the fashion of the one used by an officer. The cover, grommet, and metal front support are detachable from the frame for more convenient stowing in the sea bag. The chevrons and service stripes have been improved and are being made of nylon.

One day, during the first week in April, 75 members of the Provisional Marine Guard, United Nations Headquarters, at Hunter College, New York, were fitted with the modernized dress blues. There was much waving of arms and flexing of shoulder muscles to try out the fit of the new coat. This was, finally, the new outfit they had heard so much scuttlebutt about. They critically appraised its appearance and cast admiring glances into full-length mirrors. There were words of approval.

**A** VETERAN of 12 years and many stations in the Corps, Platoon Sergeant Joseph Nordhauser more or less summed up the opinions of the detachment with: "I've worn the old-style blues quite a bit in my duty, and while I never really found anything wrong with them, they are far surpassed in freedom of movement and comfort by these new ones. I think the addition of the pockets gives them a better appearance."

Changes in the greens are more revolutionary. Originally developed just prior to World War I, the winter service uniform was intended as a field uniform, and until 1928 the green blouse also had a standing collar. It was patterned after the Army uniform of the period. When the Marine Brigade served in France with the Second Army Division it was actually issued Army uniforms.



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In later years the winter service uniform proved impractical for field wear, and a search for some more suitable winter battle uniform has been in progress for the past few years. During World War II the only large Marine force to operate in subarctic regions was the Provisional Marine Brigade which set up bases in Iceland. All other large operations of the Corps were in tropical regions, and consequently there was no pressing need for a winter combat uniform.

Actual research and testing to develop a new winter uniform was started back in October, 1944, when it was decided to get something underway in the line of a postwar design. The Division of Plans and Policies began formulating definite cuts and specifications for the new winter service uniform.

When the Division of Plans and Policies had a set of plans worked out, they were sent to the Depot Quartermaster in Philadelphia, where test sample garments were made. After several revisions these were turned over to the Marine Corps Equipment Board at Quantico for exhaustive testing.

A test directive outlining the qualities desired in the proposed new jacket was sent down to Quantico with more than a score of sample uniforms. Variations of battle jackets patterned after the Army's Eisenhower model were to be tested for four main qualities — warmth, comfort, freedom of movement and neatness of appearance. Two other items of cold weather wear were stacked up against the test jackets. These were the high-neck, wool-knit sweater,

and the regular, form-fitting winter service coat. The testing and comparison of all three were made by men who wore them over the usual arctic under-clothing consisting of woolen underwear, a flannel shirt, woolen trousers and an alpaca vest, all under a field jacket.

All of this was to find out whether the jacket, wool, was more suitable and warmer for Marine Corps wear than the coat, service winter. Twelve human guinea pigs were selected to provide "run-of-the-mill" wear given by Marines. They were taken to the Naval Medical Research Institute at Bethesda, Md., where they went through the cold chamber, kept at 32 degrees. The men were divided into three groups and after each two-hour period in the cold chamber, would change clothing and test again with a different combination of the winter combat outfit: sweater, jacket and coat over the basic items. A full record of the opinions of the men was kept as to the relative warmth of the outfits. The opinions were charted after each test.

Back at Quantico, the "guinea pigs" made a five-mile hike wearing the test combinations with full field equipment. They went through extended order drill, creeping and crawling, and physical exercises. Photographs were taken showing the test garments under strain; notes were compiled on the action of the various items in the most rugged usage. Some types of jacket worked their way up the subject's back while he crawled, exposing the small of the back. In other trials some of the garments bound the wearer across the shoulders and back.

Results of the long and exhaustive testing showed that the high-necked wool sweater was best suited for a combat garment, but that the wool jacket combined all of the features desired, which included appearance. The jacket had the added advantage of being adaptable to garrison wear. The winter service coat was definitely out. The Equipment Board recommended that the jacket be adopted and issued along with the coat, but the Commandant decided that since the jacket was infinitely superior to the coat, the former should replace entirely the latter garment for garrison and combat wear.

All this testing and investigation was not accomplished in a few days, or even weeks. It ran well over a year, and some of the points included in the final result had been arrived at through research and examination far previous to the main project.

In working over the findings of the Marine Corps Equipment Board, the Division of Plans and Policies found that a much looser jacket than Army models then under consideration would be needed to fill the battle purpose of the Marine jacket.

During the First Marine Division's campaign for the Solomons, the "Aussie" battle jacket was issued as replacement for green blouses while these Marines were in the "land down under." The Aussie jackets had become well-liked by men of the First Division and many are still prized possessions. Perhaps the fact that General Vandegrift commanded the First Division during this period and had ample opportunity to observe the reactions of the men to the jacket and its suitability, was an in-



Medal of Honor man, John Basilone, wore the Aussie battle jacket with the First Division



The new combat jacket is closely patterned after the Australian jacket worn by Marines

fluencing factor in the decision to pattern the Marine jacket after the Australian. The Guadalcanal veteran will feel right at home in the new garrison uniform.

The finished product was finally drafted and demonstration jackets tailored at the Quartermaster uniform factory for approval by the Commandant. In February the order was signed making the new jacket the official uniform, and relegating the enlisted men's winter coat to the museum. There was one more step, though, in such a complete change in uniform. It had to have the approval of the Secretary of the Navy. Secretary James Forrestal's official OK came swiftly.

In a directive to the Quartermaster General of the Marine Corps, dated 14 February 1946, the Commandant stated that the winter service coat

# THE BLUES

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The Marine uniform changes, but it still follows tradition

The Army will look like this when it dresses up in 1948

## REBIRTH OF THE BLUES (continued)



The hard job of manufacturing the thousands of new uniforms required to outfit the Corps falls to the Philadelphia QM Depot, headed by Colonel G. L. Gloeckner and Lieutenant Colonel W. J. Hutton

should be declared "limited standard." It is to be expended by issue to overseas units and discharges. The new wool jacket will be issued to troops in the United States, ships' detachments, and overseas units, in that order, as they become available.

A new khaki battle jacket to dress up the Marine's summer liberty uniform has already made its appearance. It was initiated directly by the Commandant to relieve the necessity of wearing field jackets as a part of the summer service uniform. Of lightweight construction, the khaki jacket follows closely the design of the wool, but is without inner pockets and lining. It has two outer pockets, shoulder straps, hidden buttons, and the regular coat sleeve with pointed cuffs.

It was also directed by the Commandant that September 1, 1946, be designated as the date when blue dress would once more become the uniform for shipboard wear, special formations and liberty, these to be issued as available to ships' detachments, posts and stations in the States, and foreign garrisons in northern latitudes.

Primarily a field uniform and not for liberty, the battle jacket was designed to fit loosely and easily over the chest. It is single-breasted and has a roll collar that can be worn turned down with lapels, or turned up and buttoned at the neck on cold, windy nights. The shoulder straps are the same as those on the winter service coat. It is provided with two inner pockets and two outer pockets having hidden buttons. A pair of tabs have been put inside the back of the waistband to button the jacket to the trousers.

Designing and testing the new models is only

half of the Marine uniform story. The other half lies in the activities carried on in a large brick building at 1100 South Broad Street in historic old Philadelphia. This is the Quartermaster Depot. Here the Clothing and Equipment Division fills the role of tailor and outfitter to thousands of Marines.

Originally built in 1904, the Depot had a very small staff. Most of the work was "farmed out" to workers who made up the garments in their homes from parts supplied by the depot. In the long years since that time the job has become one rivaling that of any large clothing factory in the country. The unique thing about the way the plant operates is that the workers are so highly skilled that in a rush period, as occurred in producing the first of the new uniforms, workers who had been turning out

shirts or caps by the thousands, turned with equal efficiency to the production of battle jackets and dress coats. These thousand or more employees are mostly civilians. Women do the greatest part of the sewing and men do the laying out, cutting and processing. A number of the department heads are ex-Marines with long years of service behind them.

All through the five floors of the factory the sewing machines and other power equipment keep up a steady hum, and fast, nimble fingers assemble the clothing for Marines. The spirit of the workers is kept high as they labor by light, popular music brought to them over a plant public address system. Its effectiveness can be judged by the cheerful attitude of the workers and the large piles of clothing they turn out.

**S**KILLED tailors headed by old-timer Nick Giampietro take the designs and specifications sent up by Marine Corps Headquarters and turn out the desired uniforms. When final designs are approved and the production signal given, a master set of patterns is drawn up to be used by the cutters.

Every piece of material used in the production of uniforms and other equipment goes through a boot camp of its own in the laboratory. Here, Technical Sergeant Hiag N. Piligian, a textile chemist, is in charge, under Captain K. P. Styer. All cloth used in the manufacture of the uniforms must go through exhaustive tests and trials, and to be accepted must measure up to a standard piece of material that is kept sealed. It is a piece considered the most nearly perfect of the particular cloth in use at the time.

The cloth sent in for test is given a 24-hour moisture conditioning during which it picks up 11 per cent of its own weight. It is then laundered for color fastness, and given a perspiration test of acid and alkaline formulas. A 3 per cent shrinkage is the maximum acceptable. One of the most interesting instruments in the process is the color fadeometer in which the small cloth samples are mounted on metal frames and hung on a revolving drum. Inside this drum is an arc light which, according to Piligian, "equals one month of noonday June sun." This is probably more exposure to light than most uniforms will get in a whole cruise, but the color has to be in there to stay. All materials and threads must go through the strength-tester to determine whether or not they can stand the maximum pull.

The 16-ounce green kersey and 13-ounce blue kersey come from the manufacturer in rolls weighing about 77 pounds. It is put through the hydrolizer, a steaming and drying process that takes care of the

### EVANS



Sergeant Edward J. Evans, author of "Rebirth of the Blues," decided to take a look at life after graduating from the Los Angeles George Washington High School, instead of going directly to college. He's still looking. In the course of his post-high school meanderings he has played drums for several bands and tried his hand at riveting for Lockheed before joining the Corps. Now in his second cruise, Evans, 25, has had several short stories published and was the author of "God Bless Our GI Home" (*Leatherneck*, February, 1944). He came to *The Leatherneck* from the Parris Island *Boot*. Recently, he married a WR staff sergeant. After world affairs have slowed to normalcy and Evans has finished his current hitch, he plans to take his bride and settle down in, of all places, Hawaii!



Technical Sergeant H. N. Piligian puts all new material through the Fadeometer in the QM lab



Sergeant R. L. Williams gets a fitting made by Nick Giampietro, master tailor to the Corps



normal 3 per cent shrinkage before the uniforms are made up. From here it goes into a ready stock room until needed.

In the cutting rooms the cloth is rolled out in many layers on long tables. The pattern is traced on the cloth and cut by a portable circular power knife. From here the parts are sent to their respective departments to be tagged. This is how those annoying bits of pasteboard get into uniforms and keep showing up for six months after issue. Their main purpose is to identify the parts so that your trousers will not come out with two left legs or some such thing.

The Depot turns out almost every item of clothing the Marine wears, except his socks, skivvies, shoes and cap frames. These are made according to government specifications by commercial contractors. Everything else from dungarees to dress blues, cap covers to clothing bags, come off the Broad Street production lines.

Step by step, the bundles of tagged pieces of green, blue and khaki take the shape of jackets, coats, trousers and caps. Something like 87 production steps are necessary to make the new battle jacket, and about 110 for the new dress coat. First come the pieces for the back, then the front, collar, sleeves, pockets, cuffs and buttons. Each

step is done by a different worker whose pay scale is on a production basis; the more one produces, the more he gets. Along with the linings, shoulder padding is added to the new jackets and dress coats. Since even the most muscular men in the Corps do not always have squared shoulders, it was decided to add padding to sharpen up the appearance of the finished product.

A checking process goes on all along the line to make certain all workmanship is kept up to the high standards of the factory. When the jacket, coat or pair of trousers is finally stitched, lined and buttoned, it goes through final inspection and then to the pressing plant. It is now practically ready to wear and ready for packing, this being done by hand. The garments are folded into the boxes, with a liberal sprinkling of moth flakes. The boxes are sent through an intricate automatic sealing machine, that opens the flaps, glues them, seals and sends them down a long conveyor belt into the shipping room and to the trucks that take them on their way to Quartermaster depots all over the world.

As you step up to the issue window in your post Quartermaster warehouse or storeroom, you can be mighty sure that you're getting the best set of uniforms that a military man in this or any other country ever had. **END**



## BOOT BEGINNINGS

**T**O WEBSTER a boot is an article of apparel for the feet, usually reaching well up on the leg—something to protect the feet while walking in water. And, generally speaking, this has become a universally accepted definition. To everyone, that is, excepting Marines and sailors who have their own interpretation of a boot.

For a good many years, as long as many an older salt can remember, the word "boot" has been synonymous with the younger and less experienced men of the Navy and Marine Corps. As everyone knows, this synonymity has been directed at green hands undergoing an initial training period. But in more recent years this word has also been used to describe any salty member of the jawbone class. Boot, as it is now used, has a somewhat different meaning than when first used by the Navy.

The practice of referring to recruits as "boots" is a hand-down from the fleet, as are many of the other terms used in the Marine Corps. The clash on definitions with Mr. Webster is said to have started in the Navy sometime during the early 1900s.

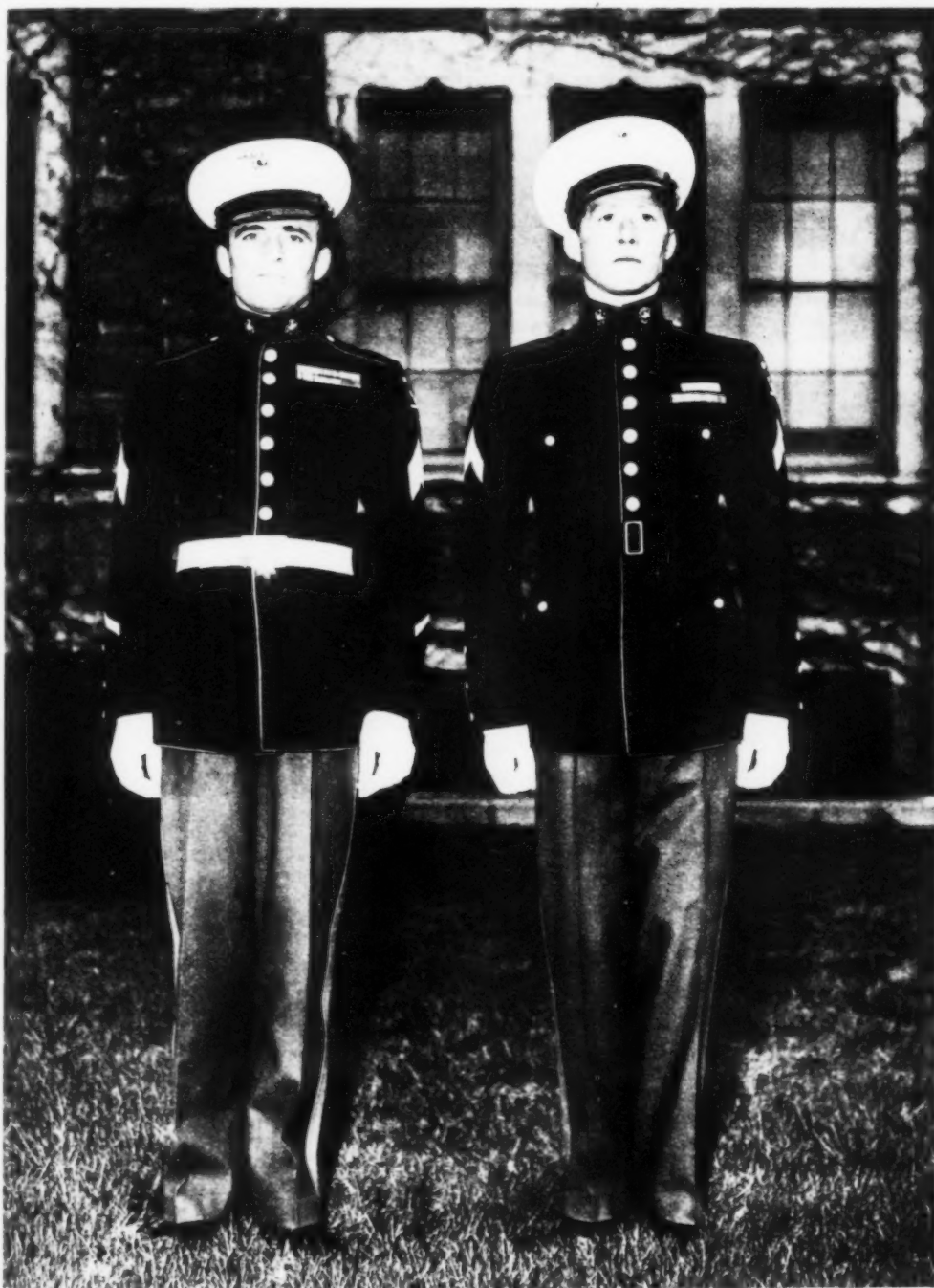
In the early part of the century, all men reporting to the Navy for primary training were issued a pair of rubber boots. These, like the boot haircuts of today, were a plague to the new man. But since there was an old custom in the Navy that decks would be swept and swabbed every morning, the rubber boots were a much-needed piece of gear, chiefly, because the decks of early training stations were of extremely rough, cold and damp concrete. No shoes were issued to these men until after they had joined the fleet. This made it very easy to detect anyone attempting to grab a little French leave.

When a group had completed primary training it was transferred aboard ship for duty with the fleet. With it went the rubber boots, a distinguishing mark of the recruits' status. Once aboard, the old morning routine of sweeping and washing down the decks was begun all over again. The old salts did this chore without benefit of any footwear whatsoever. But the new men with their tender feet were compelled to wear boots until their feet became tough enough to discard the cumbersome footgear. Needless to say, most of the men got their feet in shape as fast as possible.

As each new draft came aboard the boots were greeted with "here come some more rubber boots." This appellation, through the years, was gradually shortened to boots and became the designation of all new men. The rubber boots have long since been discarded.

Thus did boot, the word, come to the Marine Corps.

**SGT. HARRY POLETTE**  
Leatherneck Staff Writer



The old and the new in Marine Corps dress uniforms are modeled by Sergeant G. W. Jones and Corporal R. E. McAbee of the UNO Guard Detachment, the first unit to get the new dress blues

# Redisk on the Range

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Sgt. Frank Few  
and Corp. Jack Slockbower  
Leatherneck Staff Photographers  
and  
Corp. Lawrence F. DeRycke  
USMC Photoographer

GUNNERY SERGEANT THEODORE WADE  
The Winner of the Rifle Match



THE eyes of the men not actually firing on the 600-yard line at the Quantico Rifle Range were focused on the two shooters on targets three and nine. On Target Three, Captain Claude L. Floyd of the Parris Island Rifle Range detachment was completing his last string of firing in the first Marine Corps Rifle Match since 1940. In his first stage, the day before, he had turned in a remarkable exhibition of marksmanship, finishing with a nifty 286. The possible was 300.

On this second day it seemed a different story. The captain's firing was falling off, and now at the 600-yard line he had only a three-point lead over Gunnery Sergeant Theodore F. Wade of Camp Pendleton, who was firing on Target Nine. Floyd's three points looked very big, as the shooters crouched down in the prone position, ready to squeeze off their last eight shots.

The captain's first shot was a trey. A slight murmur arose from the onlookers. Was the pressure beginning to tell on the skipper? It looked that way. His next shot was a four. His next two were fives, but his fifth was once more in the trey circle. He cut two more bull's-eyes and another four. But the damage had been done. Capt. Floyd, usually at

his best over the longer range, dropped six points from a possible 40, bringing his total down to 34.

Meanwhile, on Target Nine, Gunny Wade had been firing in his usual consistent style. Scoring five bulls and dropping only three in the four ring, he wound up with a 37. In actual scores, this tied both men up at 557. Since Wade made the best score from the 600-yard line, he was, under the rules, declared the winner of the match.

There were plenty of old-timers around to show the younger Marines how it was done. Some of them placed on top at this resumption of the famous matches. Most of the competitors were men who had never shot in top-flight Corps competition before. They had won their way up from the divisional contests and were now out to garner the coveted distinguished rifle and pistol marksmanship awards they had been hearing the oldsters talk so much about.

Entrants in the Marine Corps finals, held again this year in Quantico, were made up of medal winners of the four divisional matches, and of distinguished marksmen. Three classes of medals are awarded: bronze, silver and gold. To qualify for distinguished marksman, contestants must win three medals, one of which has to be gold or silver. Each of the medals represents a leg on the final goal which is a lifetime honor and need never be won again. He can win no more medals, but is allowed the privilege of firing in the Marine Corps finals if he qualifies in a divisional match.

This year's divisional matches were held in Hawaii, San Diego, Parris Island, and Quantico. They produced 119 men for the finals — men who were to use for the first time in such competition the eight-shot Garand M-1, rather than the highly regarded 1903 model Springfield, with its clip of five. The 119 represented the best rifle and pistol

General Vandegrift presents the Elliott Cup to Captain Floyd of the Parris Island team





shots in the Corps — the cream of the crop, postwar. Although conspicuous by its absence, the old Springfield was not forgotten. It was the topic of most range conversation as the contestants and officials, particularly the old-timers, compared it with the newer, now official, Garand.

It was observed, in the possible settlement of many an argument on the subject, that prowess with the M-1 seems to run hand in hand with skill in using the '03. For many of the hashmarked veterans walked away with honors they had laid successful claim to in prewar years.

Except during the years needed to fight two World Wars, when Marines turned to more serious business, rifle and pistol matches have been part and parcel of Marine life and Marine fame. They have been held since the day — April 28, 1909 — when the Navy Department issued a Letter of Instruction providing for the compulsory holding of "post, inter-post, and Marine competitions with the service rifle." The first match was held in the spring of that year. The last previous Marine Corps matches were held in 1940. Pearl Harbor forestalled those to follow.

As new as the M-1, was the Quantico course itself this year. No longer was there the 1000-yard line to shoot from, the distance at which Gunnery Sergeant Tom Jones had put in 66 straight bull's-eyes. On the new course, 600 yards was the longest range fired.

In the rifle matches competitors began on the 200-yard line, firing 12 shots at offhand, with a minute allowed for each shot. The possible was 60. Next came rapid fire, sitting, with a 60-second limit. Sixteen shots were fired with a possible score of 80.

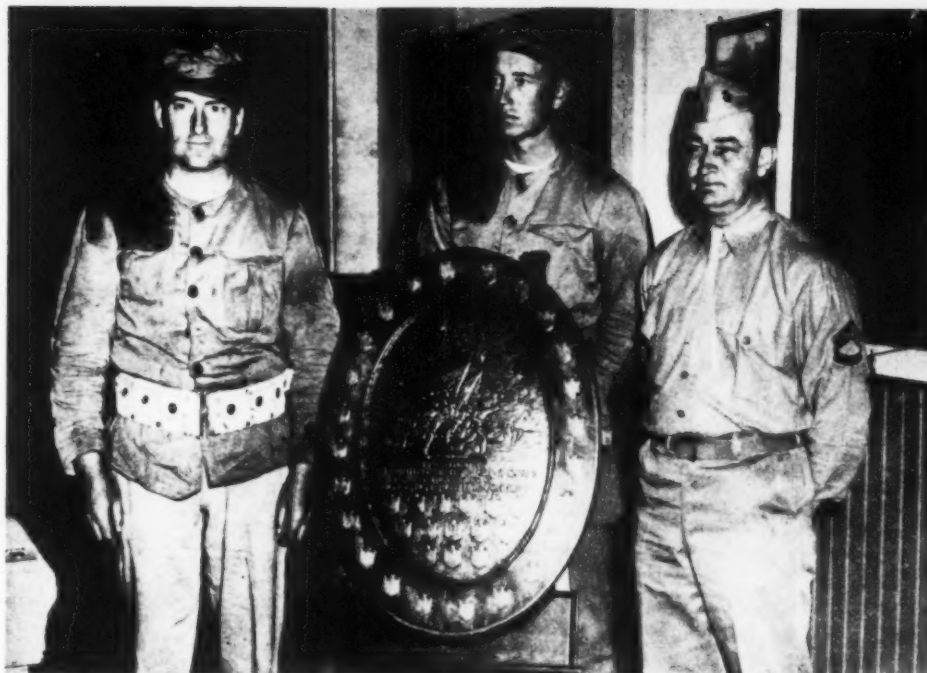
Moving back to the 300-yard line, the competition next shot prone rapid fire with a 65-second time limit. Sixteen shots were again fired with a possible of 80. It was this yard line that caused many of the men's scores to take a decided drop. As one of the riflemen remarked, "The 300-yard line separates the men from the boys."

Up to this time the men had been firing at a ten-inch bull's-eye. When they dropped back to the 500-yard line, the targets were changed and a 20-inch bull was used. Here the shooters fired eight shots with a one-minute time limit per shot. The possible score was 40. On the 600-yard line they repeated their performance, with 40 the possible again. The total possible for the course was 300. The following day they repeated their performance, making 600 the possible for the two days of competition.

It was over this course that Gunny Wade made his 557. Totals on the older course with the '03 were quite a bit higher. The best rifle score ever made in Marine Corps finals competition was 575, in 1933, by Private S. J. Bartletti. The top score in divisional competition is even better. In 1939, during the shooting of the Asiatic matches, Lieutenant Colonel David S. McDougal fired a 578.

**I**T WOULDN'T be fair to compare these scores with Wade's 557. The shooters were unfamiliar with the course, and the Garand itself cannot compare in accuracy with the Springfield. Rapid firing is stressed much more in the new course than it was in the old.

The course for pistol was the same as that used in the National Pistol Matches held at Camp Perry and is the standard military range. The weapon, of course, was the service .45 automatic. Starting off at 50 yards, the contestants fired ten shots. One minute per shot was allowed. The possible was 100. Going up to the 25-yard line, they fired two strings of five rounds each, with a 20-second time limit per string. Then they repeated this performance with a ten-second time limit per string. The total possible for one stage was 300, and, as in the rifle competition, the course was covered once



Gunny Wade (right) won the rifle match and Lauchheimer trophy. Colonel Rodeheffer (left) and Gunny Hawes were runner-ups in the Lauchheimer competition. Wade's aggregate was 1088



## Results are complete in first Marine Corps rifle matches since '40



These seven men were the high shooters in the Marine Corps rifle finals: Leland (front row, left), Hesson, Floyd, Gilbeau; back row: Wade, Marshall and West. This was the first match since 1940



more, making a possible total of 600.

The most coveted award for men competing in the Corps' rifle and pistol matches is the Lauchheimer Trophy, named after the man who, when he presented it first in 1921, was Adjutant and Inspector of the Marine Corps. It is given to the man finishing with the highest aggregate score in the rifle and pistol competition. Distinguished rifle and pistol shots are eligible for this award, as is any officer or enlisted man firing in the Marine Corps matches. Gold, silver and bronze medals are awarded to the winners of the top three aggregate scores, but only the name of the gold medal winner is inscribed on the trophy each year.

This year the name of the man to go on this much-sought-after trophy is GySgt. Wade. The winner of the rifle match, he added the 531 he got with the pistol to win the gold medal. His 557 with the

rifle gave him an aggregate of 1088. A veteran of 17 years in the Marine Corps, Wade made distinguished with the rifle in 1940. He holds two gold and one bronze medal with that weapon. He is not distinguished with the pistol, but has two legs on it. This is the first time he has placed in Lauchheimer competition. He served with a guard company in the Hawaiian Islands during the late war. He is a native of Salem, Ore.

The silver medal in the Lauchheimer competition went to Lieutenant Colonel Noah J. Rodeheffer of the Philadelphia Depot of Supplies. The colonel made 531 with the rifle, which was not high enough to put him in the medal-winning brackets, and 545 with the pistol. This was good enough for second place in that competition, and gave him an aggregate of 1076. It was the second time he had placed in Lauchheimer competition. He won a bronze medal in 1940. Commissioned in 1936, Col. Rodeheffer is distinguished with the pistol, and has two legs toward distinguished with the rifle. He is from St.



Major Walter R. Walsh of Quantico, a former FBI agent, made the high score in the pistol shooting with 553. In chalking up a scorching 285 over the first stage he set a new Marine Corps record



Lieutenant Colonel Lee (left), Colonel Biebusch and Lieutenant Colonel Crowe officiated during the Marine and Eastern matches. General Vandegrift presented medals and trophies to the shooters



Members of the PI team that won the Elliott Cup are: Barrett and Wack (kneeling); Floyd, Dickerson and Humphrey (standing). It was a close match



Wirgman Cup winners were: Gallaher (left), Spicer, Tillison, Myers and Cornelius from Norfolk. These men fired 1055 out of a 1200 pot

Marys, Ohio, and served with the Fourth Division while overseas.

Gunnery Sergeant Percy W. Hawes of Camp Lejeune, a distinguished pistol shot, placed third in the Lauchheimer. Hawes took fifth silver medal in the rifle competition, with a 541, and scored 541 with the pistol. His total was 1068. A veteran of 12 years in the Marine Corps, Hawes was in competition with the 26th Marines.

Team competition is stressed in the Marine Corps matches as well as individual. West of the Mississippi, various posts vie for the San Diego Trophy, a feature of the divisional competition held on the East of the river it is the Elliott Trophy. Composed of four shooting members and an alternate, at least one of the members of each post team must be an officer and at least one an enlisted man. The team fires once over the course used in the Corps of matches at Quantico. The outfit finishing with the highest aggregate score (the possible being 1200) is declared the winner. The record for Elliott competition is held by Quantico, with an 1133 made in 1938. Marine Corps Base has the high score in San Diego matches with an 1133.

The San Diego Trophy was presented to the Marine Corps by that city through its Chamber of Commerce and other civic clubs, and was first competed for in 1921. It was designed to promote friendship between the citizens of San Diego and the Marines. This year, the team representing the 1st Marine Command, FMF, took the cup with a 1133 aggregate. Their closest competition came from Camp Pendleton, with a score of 1099. The Marine Corps Base took third place with 1093.

Members of the winning team and their totals are: Sergeant Abraham W. Schlegel, 280; Commissioned Warrant Officer Aldwin B. Lawrence, 278; Gunnery Sergeant Everett L. Hesson, 278; and Commissioned Warrant Officer Norman D. Clark, 267. Commissioned Warrant Officer Emmett Orr was alternate, with Lieutenant Valentine Kravitz as team captain and Commissioned Warrant Officer Edward V. Seeser, coach.

Competition for the Elliott Trophy this year was one of the closest held since 1910, when the cup was first put up. When the Quantico team began firing on the 600-yard line it had a six-point lead over nearest competitor, Parris Island. The last shot Quantico was fired by Lieutenant Robert McIntyre. It went into the three-ring to give the team a 1096 aggregate. The last man to fire for Parris Island was Capt. Floyd, who had previously lost the individual rifle match to Gunny Wade the same distance. His seventh shot brought his total to 1091. The Islanders needed a bull's-eye to tie the score. And that's exactly what Floyd fired a pinwheel bull.

As Parris Island had finished with the best score from the longest range, it "niggered" out the Quantico team and took home the trophy. This was the first time since 1929 that the Islanders had won the match. Members of the winning team, Barrett, Wack, Floyd, Dickerson and Humphrey, were



South Division Capt. Floyd, were: Master Gunnery Sergeant Harold A. Barrett; Platoon Sergeant Howard B. Dickerson; First Sergeant Madison F. Humphrey; with Private David E. Wack, alternate. Camp Lejeune placed third, with 1086.

Bases with a personnel of less than 300 can compete for the Harold F. Wirgman Trophy as well as the Elliott Cup. However, if they win the Elliott, they are not eligible for the Wirgman and it goes to the next highest team in the competition. This year the team representing Norfolk Naval Station took home the cup with a 1055 total. Its members consisted of Lieutenant Raymond B. Spicer, PFC Robert V. Myers, Gunnery Sergeant James A. Gallaher, Sergeant Jim R. Cornelius, and PFC Thomas M. Tillison, alternate.

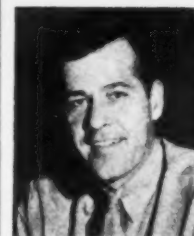
The top pistol shot in the Marine Corps today is Major Walter R. Walsh, at present stationed at Quantico. A former FBI agent, Walsh chalked up a 553 total for his day's efforts in this year's matches. This is only two under the Marine Corps record held by Captain Harry W. Reeves, who, as a corporal, made a 555 in 1937. In getting his 553, Major Walsh set one record, however, when he scored a 285 during the first stage of the match. The previous

"The showing was excellent in comparison with the conditions," said Col. Lee.

A heavy mist handicapped the shooters on the first day of rifle firing, and on the second day sight allowances had to be made for a northerly wind.

The colonel went on to say that he believes the scores will improve in future years as the men become more familiar with the Garand, and become better acquainted with the course.

General A. A. Vandegrift, the Commandant, was a spectator during the last day of firing. Later he presented medals and trophies during a ceremony held at the range. In a brief talk, he commented that during the recent war the rifle seemed to have been overshadowed by the more spectacular bombs, rockets, tanks and airplanes. The rifle received



ALLEN

One of the most versatile members of *The Leatherneck* staff is Sergeant Lindley S. Allen, author of "Redisk on the Range." Allen, now familiar to this magazine's readers, writes everything from sports to the heaviest of articles. Born in Wheeling, W. Va., this

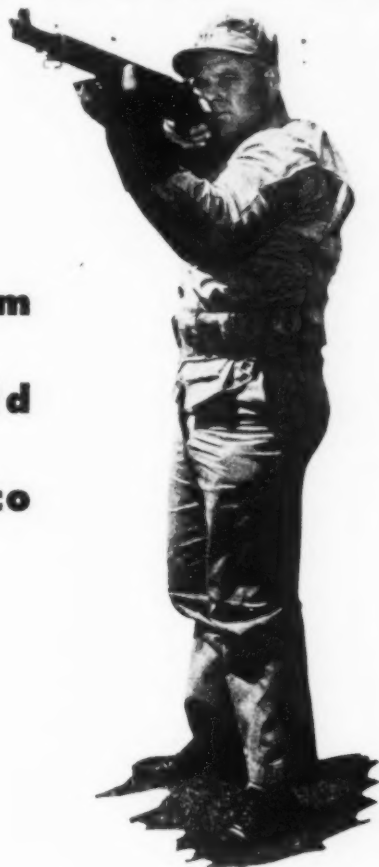
27-year-old Marine had finished his junior year at the University of California before, as he puts it, "dodging the draft" by enlisting in the Marine Corps. Allen served overseas for two years as a squad leader in the 22nd Marines, taking part in the Marshall Islands campaign. Now on his second cruise, Allen came to *The Leatherneck* in February of this year after a six-month stint on the staff of the Parris Island Boat.

## Top Corps marksmen from far parts of the world matched shots at Quantico

high had been made by the same Reeves when he fired 282 at the time he set the record.

Major Walsh, who once served with the First Division, only recently returned from China. He's distinguished with both the rifle and pistol, and has fired on many of the top Marine Corps Reserve rifle and pistol teams during the National Matches of prewar years.

Colonel Frederick C. Biebusch of Quantico was executive officer in charge of the matches. His Chief Range Officer was Lieutenant Colonel William A. Lee, who was assisted by Lieutenant Colonel H. P. (Jim) Crowe. The statistical officer was Lt. Robert C. McIntyre. Both Colonel Lee and Crowe expressed satisfaction with the way the matches went off and with the top-notch shooting that was demonstrated.



Captain Floyd shows his offhand position. He scored 286 out of 300 during the first stage

very little publicity, the commandant explained.

"Yet," said Gen. Vandegrift, "it was the man carrying the rifle who rooted the Japs out of their caves and pillboxes. In the years to come it will still be the man with the rifle who goes in and kicks the enemy out."

Gen. Vandegrift pointed out that Marines in combat have always used the teamwork that is so important for success on rifle and pistol teams.

"In the future we will continue to do so," he promised.

Master Gunnery Sergeant C. F. Janacek, the armorer for, and one of the busiest men at the matches, was very well satisfied with the performance of the semiautomatic Garand. He had very little serious trouble to contend with, but he pointed out that it is more important to take pains with the care and cleaning of the M-1 that it was with the '03 in order to have weapons in good working order on the firing line.

The gold medal winners for the rifle at the finals were: Gunnery Sergeant Joseph K. Marshall of the Western Division; Gunnery Sergeant Everett L. Hesson, Pacific Division; and Gunnery Sergeant James P. West, Pacific Division. Those winning in pistol competition were: Gunnery Sergeant Walter L. Devine, Eastern Division; Lt. Robert C. McIntyre, Eastern Division; and GySgt. Theodore F. Wade, Western Division.

Since the national rifle matches at Camp Perry will not be held this year, the Marine champions will not have a chance to show their abilities against teams from other branches of the armed forces and civilian aggregations. In prewar years the Marines consistently ran away with these matches and the recent shooting at Quantico showed they have lost none of their cunning.

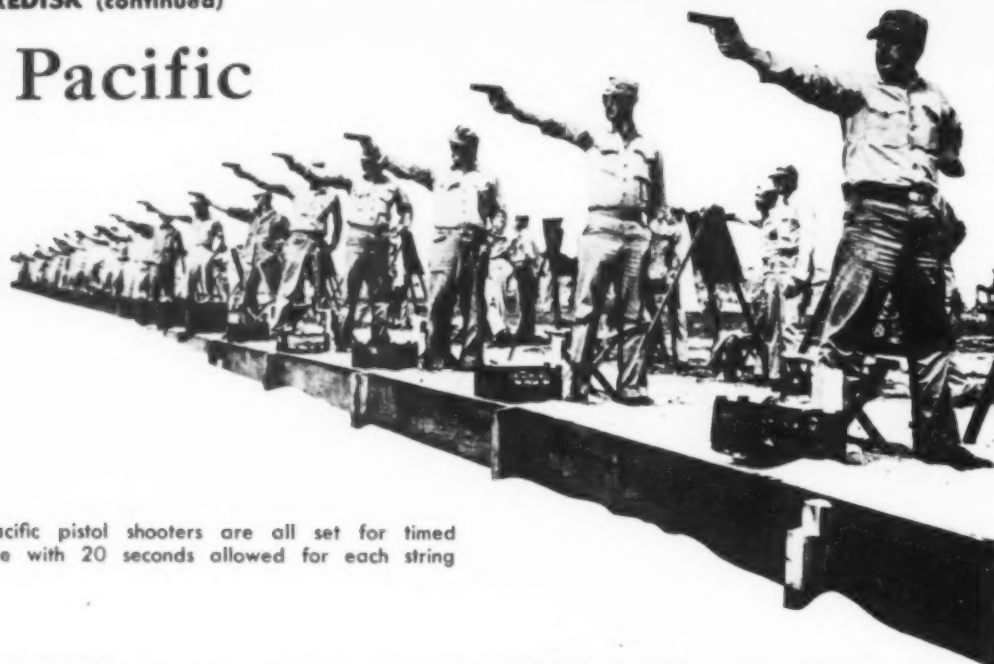


Gunny Janacek, armorer during the Marine and Eastern Matches, checks over PFC Rutledge's weapon. He had no serious trouble to contend with



Always a tense moment after the completion of a day's firing was the posting of individual scores. Over 100 men competed in the finals

# Pacific



Pacific pistol shooters are all set for timed fire with 20 seconds allowed for each string

## A PFC kept calm and collected top honors in the divisional matches staged in Hawaii

**T**HE first of the divisional matches in rifle and pistol competition was held for Marines stationed in the Pacific area. More than 300 gathered at Puuloa Point Rifle Range near Ewa, Oahu in a collective attempt to qualify for the Marine Corps finals.

The first weeks at the Point were rough for the out-of-practice riflemen. Under the supervision of Lieutenant Colonel H. P. (Jim) Crowe they began slowly to round into shape. Field musics and aviation officers, privates and lieutenant colonels snapped in together. Everyone wore the same uniform — shooting jackets, utility caps and trousers. There wasn't much rank on the firing line. This was true of both divisional and Marine Corps matches. When the time came to police up the firing line all hands joined in, regardless of rank.

It took several weeks and many grueling hours of practice before unused muscles were able to stand the strain required for match shooting. Finally record day in the rifle competition came. With it came the old familiar refrain that every Marine has heard, from boot to distinguished marksman:

"Ready on the right! Ready on the left! All ready on the firing line!"

When the two-day rattle of fire had been completed, a 20-year-old Second Division Marine, PFC John W. Dempsey, emerged as the top man with a score of 555.

Dempsey's coolheadedness and determination was demonstrated on the 200-yard line, during the second stage of the shooting. When the targets came up he hit the deck and squeezed off the first of his 16 rounds, rapid fire. Just at the start of his second clip a hot shell from a neighboring contestant's rifle arced at Dempsey and popped into an opening in the front of his shooting jacket. As he settled down to dispose of the second clip his bare stomach pressed against the searing piece of metal. He never flinched but continued firing — continued firing with such steadiness of hand and eye that he marked up a 74 out of 80, the possible.

PFC Dempsey's consistently good shooting placed him above four distinguished marksmen. One of these, Sergeant John G. Jones, was edged out by a single point when Dempsey cut the black with his final slug.

Jones, of the First Division, thus placed second, although his score was tied by First Sergeant Virgil F. Miller. Each scored a 554, but Jones's better marks on the 600-yard line gave him the edge. Rapid fire at 300 yards was Jones's bad spot. There he dropped 14 points. Then he went on to finish the remainder of the course with only a three under possible. This year's competition was his seventh in the Corps' match shooting. He competed every year from 1931 to 1938, taking first in the Scott Matches in 1933, and third in the Lauchheimer Trophy Match in 1935.

Miller's 554 brought him his second leg toward distinguished with the rifle. Sergeant Abraham W. Schlegel, who placed right behind him, took two gold medals. The other was for his second place, with the pistol.

Warrant Officer Charles R. Guilbeau, placing fifth, was the high scoring officer. He is known as one of the top ranking shots in the Marine Corps, and had previously captured honors at the National Individual Matches held at Camp Perry. In 1939 Guilbeau placed on the President's One Hundred. Only the nation's top shooters make this list.

Commissioned Warrant Officer Edward V. Seeser, another famous Marine rifleman, got his share of bull's-eyes. The gunner fired on the National Championship Marine Rifle Teams in 1931, 1935, 1936, 1937, and 1940. He is noted as one of the first Marines to win three gold medals with the rifle, having achieved this distinction in 1932. Seeser won seven first places in the National Matches, and holds letters of commendation from the President, Commandant, and Secretary of War. The old-timer demonstrated he could still get in the black, winning the pistol match with a 532. Second place in the pistol went to Lieutenant Colonel Robert D. Moser, with a 526.



CWO Seeser relaxes between relays with a copy of *The Leatherneck*. He won the pistol match

Corporal Leo F. Priseler of the First Division was the top enlisted man in the pistol competition. He blasted the bull's-eye for a 517. He's a former member of the San Diego police force and has had both match and practical experience with his favorite hand weapon.

Platoon Sergeant James E. Hughes, a Negro, was the only member of his race competing in the match. Hughes, a member of Service Command, blazed high scores with the rifle and pistol and earned a silver and bronze medal, respectively. He went on to participate in the Marine Corps Match at Quantico, where he took another bronze medal with the pistol.

The Service Command group claimed the unofficial team championship with 17 members placing in the rifle and nine in the pistol competitions. The First and Second Division ran a close second and third. First Division medal winners numbered 16 on the rifle and six on the pistol. The Second boasted of 16 medal winners on the M-1 and five with the .45.

Second Lieutenant Parker O. Pettigrew and Commissioned Warrant Officer Herbert B. Horn, both of the Second Division, and Commissioned Warrant Officer Norman R. Clark of Service Command, each earned their third leg for distinguished with the rifle.

A review, and presentation of awards concluded the meeting. Lieutenant General Roy S. Geiger, Commander-in-Chief, FMFPAC, pinned the badges on the winning contestants. The lucky medal winners then looked forward to a pleasant voyage Stateside and a chance to earn more awards at Quantico.



PFC Dempsey receives the praise of General Noble for winning the Pacific rifle competition. It was the first match for the 20-year-old Second Division vet, and he hit the bull for a 555



# San Diego



Master Gunnery Sergeant Tom Jones, famed old-time Marine rifle shot, looks over the new crop of rifle shooters at the Camp Matthews range



Gunny Marshall, winner of the Western Rifle Match, receives the praise of Colonel Liversedge. His score was a neat 556 out of a 600 possible.



Lieutenant Kravitz, of the Service Command receives the Bear award from General MacDougal

**M**ARINE shooters west of the Mississippi gathered at the Camp Matthews Rifle Range in San Diego, Calif., to compete for entries in the finals. As in all the divisional matches, the old-timers grumbled a bit because they weren't allowed to fire the '03. Then they went on to make good scores with the M-1.

Gunnery Sergeant Joseph K. Marshall, from the Marine Corps Base, led the parade of rifle-shooting hopefuls at Matthews. Marshall, who served aboard the carrier *Cowpens* during the war, took first gold medal with a 556. On his first trip over the course the 28-year-old gunny from Denver shot 284. His next day's record dropped to 272. He went on to Quantico to take first gold medal in the Marine Corps rifle matches with a 554.

Camp Pendleton's representative, Gunnery Sergeant Leonard A. Fields, took second gold medal at San Diego. He accumulated a score of 551 during the two days of shooting. In addition to the gold medal, Fields was also the winner of the W. S. Van Dyke, III, Perpetual Trophy. This is awarded to the tyro who fires the highest score. Tyro, in this case, means a person firing in his first rifle competition.

Another representative of Marine Corps Base at San Diego, Gunnery Sergeant Jason Little, took the remaining gold medal in the match. Little's rifle score was 550, and continuing with his winning pace, the gunny took another gold medal in pistol competition, finishing third in this.

Later, Little ran into some tough luck during the rifle finals at Quantico. He finished the first stage

of firing with a 276. The next day he turned in some excellent shooting on the 200-yard line, and it looked as if he would be one of the leading contenders for the individual championship. Then, on the 300-yard line, he fired all 16 of his rapid-fire shots on the wrong target to eliminate him from the running. It not only happens in boot camp; the experts sometimes pull the same stunt.

Gunnery Sergeant Lawrence M. Brandon, 57, was the oldest man firing at Camp Matthews. He took fourth place with the rifle, won a silver medal, and thus wrote a belated finis to a task begun 27 years ago. A Marine in the first World War, Brandon participated in the rifle matches in 1919 and 1920 and earned the first two legs toward distinguished. This year, in the San Diego contest, Gunny Brandon earned the third leg. During the peacetime years between wars he was an employee of an oil company.

A pair of twin riflemen reflected their similarity on the score sheets. The De La Hunts, Captain Rames O., and Commissioned Warrant Officer Remes E., wound up with a tie score of 548 apiece, and placed fifth and sixth on the scoreboard. As a result of his score in the match, CWO Remes gained his third leg on distinguished.

Warrant Officer Ferdinand J. Bergman made the high score in the pistol competition, with 540. He was followed by Master Gunnery Sergeant Marko G. Belovich with 532. Both these men are distinguished. Gunny Little took the only gold medal given in competition with that weapon at San Diego.



Winner of the San Diego Trophy was Service Command, FMF, composed of Hesson (first row, left), Clark, Schlegel, Lawrence; second row: Kravitz, Orr, Seeser. They fired 1102 out of 1200



Identical twins, the De La Hunts, went one step further by shooting twin scores at San Diego

# Parris Island



The top ten men in the Southeastern Division Matches were: Wack (left, kneeling), Barrett, Adams, Simmons; Hakanson, Hall, Snyder, Dickerson, Perna, and Floyd (standing). All but Perna represented PI

## Parris Island marksmen proved greedy hosts

**P**ARRIS ISLAND contestants, host to the smallest divisional gathering this year, won all seven medals provided for sharpshooters from the Southeastern areas. Only three other bases were represented on the East Coast boot camp range. They were the Charleston Navy Yard; Balboa, Canal Zone; and Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Conditions were bad during the second stage of the rifle competition. The dope had to be changed to allow for a 20-mile-an-hour wind, and as a result the 545 turned in by Captain Claude L. Floyd was the lowest individual winning mark made in any divisional firing. Capt. Floyd, who later was to lose out on the championship at the Quantico finals by the narrowest possible margin, is a distinguished marksman who has been a shooting member of some of the best teams the Corps has entered in national matches. He made distinguished during his first cruise, in 1939, and later fought in the war as a seagoing Marine.

The small number of medals designated for Southeastern competition was occasioned by the small number of contestants. The Commandant sets the quota of medals for any match, basing his judgment on the quantity of competitors and the excellence of the shooting.

Platoon Sergeant Howard B. Dickerson, Jr., of

Parris Island, won the only gold medal provided, with his 533. Dickerson, who did more serious shooting with the Sixth Marines during the war, went on to take a silver medal at Quantico.

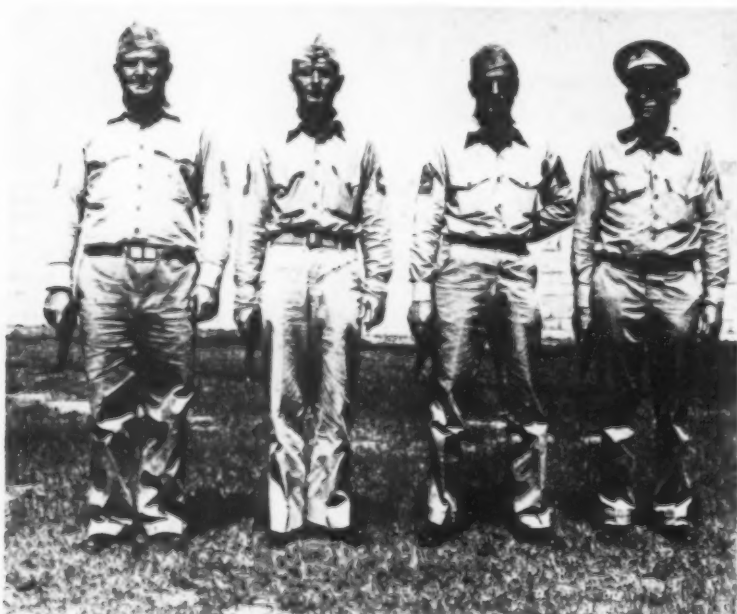
Gunnery Sergeant Holliday Simmons placed a close third, with a 532 total. He was followed by Gunnery Sergeant William J. Adams, with 527. Both took silver medals and both represented Parris Island.

Although the Islanders placed nine out of the first ten men in the rifle matches, they weren't so fortunate with the pistol. First Sergeant Vito Perna, from Cuba, was high shooter with that weapon. He got 525. Perna is distinguished with both the rifle and pistol. Master Gunnery Sergeant Harold A. Barrett of Parris Island took the only gold medal. He totaled 515 and won his last leg toward distinguished. Like Perna, he is also distinguished with the rifle. First Sergeant Madison F. Humphrey won the only silver medal, while Master Gunnery Sergeant Frank A. Bettis took the only bronze. Both are from PI.

Colonel William R. Ashurst, who last year was liberated from a Jap prison camp, was a frequent spectator at the matches. The colonel played an important part in many of the old Marine Corps matches and once won the national individual rifle championship at Camp Perry.



Colonel Ashurst (left) and Lieutenant Colonel Stallings discuss the firing at Parris Island



High scoring pistol shots for the Southeastern competition were: Perna, (left), Barrett, Humphrey, and Bettis. Perna's 525 was the top score made



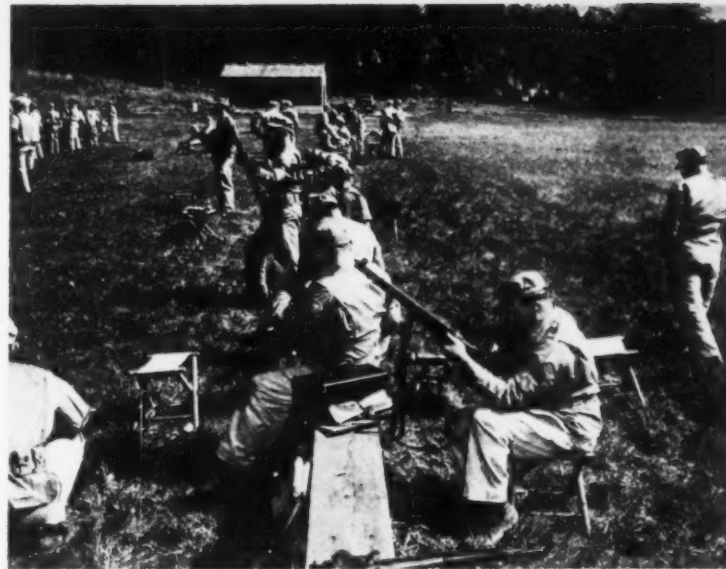
Riflemen on the 200-yard line at Parris Island are completing their 16 shots of rapid fire. The shooters were handicapped by a bad wind



# Quantico



Lieutenant Colonel Cramer (left), winner of the Eastern Pistol Match, and CWO Brown, the runner-up, checked their scores after the match ended



Eastern Division sharpshooters make some changes on their elevation and windage preparatory to moving up on the 300-yard line at Quantico



The top scoring rifle shots in the Eastern Division Match were: Sellers (left sitting), Propst, Thomas, Kross; O'Connor, Rice and Dynes (standing). Quantico received most of the medals given in this match



Lieutenant McIntyre, the statistical officer, captured three medals shooting in the matches



Quantico's Gunny Rice checks his target during the Eastern Rifle Match. He took first place



Gunny Mathews, shooting in his first pistol competition since 1924, garnered a silver medal

QUANTICO, Camp Lejeune, Cherry Point, Boston, Dahlgren, New York, the Norfolk Naval Operating Base, the Philadelphia Navy Yard and the Philadelphia Depot of Supplies were represented by 117 enlisted men and 30 officers at the Eastern Division Matches in Quantico, prior to the Marine Corps Matches there.

As at Parris Island, the home team walked off with the greatest part of the money. Twelve Quantico entrants placed in the rifle matches and two of these, Gunnery Sergeant Roy F. Rice and Master Gunnery Sergeant Eugene A. O'Connor, tied for first place. Both men finished with 552, but Rice was declared the winner. This gave him a gold medal and first leg on distinguished. Later he won a silver medal in the finals for his second leg.

Gunny O'Connor, a veteran of 17 years service, was badly injured when the original aircraft carrier *Hornet*, the ship that had carried the Doolittle fliers to the early Japan strike, was sunk from under him. He won a Silver Star for his part in the fatal action off Santa Cruz.

Third place went to First Lieutenant George Kross, also from Quantico and a distinguished marksman. First Sergeant Carl L. Propst of Camp Lejeune placed fourth. Other gold medal winners were: Platoon Sergeant William J. Dynes, DOS, Philadelphia; Commissioned Warrant Officer Adam Thomas, Quantico; and Staff Sergeant Leslie E. Sellers. Sellers was a representative of Cherry Point. This year marked the first time an air base was entered in Marine rifle and pistol competition.

(continued on page 46)



Prize winners—every one! Cute coeds cop local beauty contest



A Marine "shoots" his own buddies on famed Waikiki



Marines dash from foaming surf with blond beauty they met on the beach

PHOTOS BY SGT. RAY TYLER  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

Returning Marines now find this once unhappy staging ground a gala land of enchanting beaches and entrancing girls

# TRAVELOGUE IN

# Hawaii

SGT. GEORGE A. KUTZ  
Marine Corps Correspondent



Another Hawaiian university student shows Marines how the hula is done

THERE'S hardly a Marine or ex-Marine to be found who hasn't at one time or another visited the Hawaiian Islands during his Pacific migrations.

To most, Hawaii was just a stopover, a place to simulate a coming invasion, or merely a funnel station in the movement toward forward areas or the return to the States after completion of duty. It was serious business then, for beaches of Tarawa, Iwo Jima and the others lay ahead.

Now that they have been cleaned up and World War II is contemporaneous history, things are changing. More and more Marines are learning that the travelogues are not too far wrong when they boastfully proclaim these semitropical isles the "Paradise of the Pacific."

There's still plenty of khaki and Navy white on the islands. But the old wartime hubbub and commotion has been toned down in these few months of peace. Now Marines can find some time to relax and play.

While many Marines frequent Waikiki, on Oahu, rest, fun and diversion are found at numerous other beaches fringing the lush and peaceful ocean fronts of the other islands. For men at the Marine Corps Air Station at Ewa, the most popular resort is Maile Beach. There, as at the others, there is plenty of sunshine to provide Vitamin D.

The Marines who are winding up their cruises or serving permanent duty in Hawaii have only one major worry. It's the old, old question:

"If the territory of Hawaii becomes the 49th State, will we still get overseas pay?"



Ouch! Despite sharp coral, Marines sprint for the foaming surf

Well-rounded student Esther Ghun stole the beauty show on points



# The Pigskin Picture



BOS FENIMORE  
Great Oklahoma A & M back

**Returning GIs will replace the  
18-year-olds who dominated  
the sport during the war years**

**by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen**  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

**T**HERE will be a new deal in college football this fall and smiles are breaking through the traditionally dour visages of coaches on campuses all over the country. There is a good reason. For, as everyone is saying down in Southwestern Conference circles, "the menfolk are back in the game." Returning veterans who are older, more mature, and stronger than run-of-the mill material, have enrolled by the thousands in the nation's colleges and universities. They will replace the beardless youths and 4-F people who dominated the game during wartime seasons.

It is to be the story told by professional baseball all over again.

The 1946 intercollegiate season should prove to be one of the most interesting in football's history. Will GIs, so good at toting guns, be as proficient at toting the pigskin?

In the first place, there is the all-important matter of conditioning. Coaches are wondering whether the veterans can get back into the top-notch physical condition required for playing, after a long layoff in the armed forces. Legs particularly are a major cause for mentors' concern. It is possible that infantrymen will not have too much trouble in this department. But others, who served in branches of service such as the air forces, the Navy, in quartermaster corps and specialized fields, may have difficulty.

Then too, there is the problem of how well the ex-servicemen will be able to adjust themselves to the "T" formation, which will be a new system of play for many.

At the outbreak of the war the T was just getting a start in collegiate circles, although it had been used by the professionals, especially the Chicago Bears, for many seasons. The T formation has become the most popular system, and will probably be used, in one form or another, by three fourths of the leading teams. Can the star backs of 1941 or 1942 master the intricate ball-handling it requires, with no previous experience behind them? Only their actual play in the games themselves will answer that question.

Some of the coaches have their doubts on just what the attitude of the returning veterans will be toward the sport. For example, will an ex-Marine who went through the rugged campaigns of Iwo Jima or Okinawa be able to generate the so-called "college try," deemed so important for success in football? Last year it was rumored that Coach Bernie Bierman had his troubles along this line at



## Coaches are looking forward to the game returning to its prewar standards. Competition for positions will be fierce

Minnesota. During spring practice he admitted that some of his players "were not firm in their convictions that they wanted to play football."

Generally speaking, if the 1945 season can be used as an example, coaches should have very little to say on this subject. Although only a small percentage of GIs had gotten back to the campus at that time, they came through with flying colors, on the whole. It would seem logical that a man's experience on the battle fronts should help his game, especially in the matter of teamwork. For if anything was stressed in combat, it was working with the unit, and not trying to win the war by one's self.

One thing seems certain: the large influx of returning servicemen will go a long way toward breaking the dominance that the Military and Naval Academies had on the sport during the war. Although the touchdown twins, Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard, are back once again with the Cadets, their chances for running roughshod over their opponents as they did during the war seems unlikely. They'll have more than 18-year-old freshmen up against them this season!

This doesn't detract from Earl Blaik's prospects for another undefeated season. Army has lost only two men from last year's national championship squad. With Davis and Blanchard spearheading the attack, Army's chances to repeat its previous performances are good.

As in baseball, coaches have been greeted during practice sessions with an abundance of good material. Competition for the starting line-ups will be fierce, and this alone should make for 100 per cent better football than the fans have seen in the past few years. Many newcomers to the campus will have

two and three years' experience in service football. This will give them an edge over their buddies who spent their time in the war zones. As far as good material goes, coaches should have little cause for complaint. At least, compared to what they had to put up with during the war.

The only schools not hampered by a lack of good players during the war years were Army and Navy. Civilian coaches cast envious eyes at the two academies as many of the best players, then in the services, turned up at West Point or Annapolis. Unlike Army, Navy is losing most of its players from the 1945 team. Coach Tom Hamilton had only two men from that squad out for spring practice. The Middies had lost 20 good men.

"This means," said Hamilton, "that we are coming up with a comparatively green, inexperienced team, while our opponents, the civilian colleges, will of course be much stronger than they have been."

Nevertheless, he avers that the Navy, whose only defeat in 1945 was at the hands of the Army, will have a fighting team again — a team that, whatever its shortcomings in material wealth, will still have the toughness of spirit for which it is so well-known.

Last year's best civilian college team in the East was the University of Pennsylvania. It took just two beatings, a bad 61-0 drubbing from the Cadets, and a 14-7 heartbreaker at the hands of the Navy. Otherwise it sliced through its schedule in a satisfactory manner, winding up the season with a hot 59-6 victory over Cornell, the traditional rival.

Many of the letter men from last year's team will be on hand this fall. Best of these are George Savitsky, last year selected as All-American tackle, and Joe Dickerson, who received mention on many All-American teams as guard.

Penn had a great backfield last season. Halfback Bob Evans, who completed 35 out of 68 passes, 11 of which were for touchdowns, is returning. Quarterback Carmen Falcone, Halfback Bob Deuber, and Don Schneider, another speedy halfback, will be around. Deuber had the nifty average of nine yards per carry last year.

Penn's Coach George Munger had 12 ex-servicemen back in the fold before the start of fall practice. He expects many more. Teamed up with letter men from last year's squad, these should make Penn the top team in the Ivy League.

Holy Cross surprised Eastern football fans by going through the 1945 season with just one defeat, and then going on to lose to the University of Miami in the Orange Bowl. It was the first season for Ox DaGrosa as head coach.

DaGrosa is a bit more worried this season than he cares to admit. Gone are three of the New England champion's brightest stars: Captain Stan Koslowski, triple-threat backfield artist; End Jim Dieckelman; and Fullback Veto Kissel. The squad still shows fair strength in the line, but there were serious weaknesses in the backfield, as of this writing. The hardest position of them all to fill is Koslowski's tailback spot. Perhaps Gene DeFilippis will get the job. DaGrosa is very keen on the passing ability of this youngster. Former first-string ends Walter Robers and Bob Barton will bolster the line. Two experienced tackles, Army vet Ted Strojny and ex-sailor Gene Spinelli, will be on hand. If Captain-elect George Connor gets out of the Navy in time for the current season, he will take over one of the starting berths at tackle.

Yale, Cornell, Dartmouth and Columbia will all field squads of veterans this fall. At Columbia,



Army's flashy halfback, Glenn Davis (41), slashes through the Navy's forward wall as the Cadets block out all the Middie players near

the ball carrier. The Cadets scored a 32-13 victory. Both Davis and Blanchard will be spearheading the Army attack this year





Halfback Harry Gilmer of Alabama dives across the goal line to score 'Bama's second touchdown in the Rose Bowl game against Southern Cal

Lou Little has 14 of his 1945 letter men ready to play another successful season, possibly matching last year's seven victories. Columbia dropped only one game. He has Gene Rossides, the great passing star, back again and set to throw more of his pay-off strikes.

The most difficult situation in Eastern football today is that facing Wes Fesler at Pittsburgh. Fesler, who replaced Clark Shaughnessy as Pitt's coach, inherits a team that failed to score a touchdown from a running play in the last seven games of 1945, a far cry from the tremendous ground-gaining days of Jock Sutherland.

Down south, Dixie football fans are singing the praises of Alabama, last season's Rose Bowl champs. Many southern experts are touting it as the leading contender for the mythical National Championship. And their optimism has a basis in fact, for expected back again to befuddle the opposition with his brilliant passes is Harry Gilmer, the Tide's All-American halfback in 1945. Gilmer is not the only returning star. Vaughn Mancha, 230-pound center, will be backing up the line, knocking the stuffing out of the opposition's running attack.

Besides the many returning letter men from last year's squad, the Tide has a number of ex-servicemen out for the team. Norman "Monk" Mosley, younger brother of Herky and Russ — both former Alabama stars — will once more make an appearance on the Crimson squad, and will back up Gilmer. He served three years in the Pacific as an infantry rifleman. Bill Cadenhead, a freshman with 25 months of submarine duty, has the inside track at fullback. Best of the right halfbacks is Clem Welsh, a former Navy pilot. The position of Rebel Steiner, at right end, is the hardest to fill. Steiner, who has graduated, was on the receiving end of a good many of Gilmer's touchdown passes last year.

The University of Georgia has the team most likely to upset 'Bama's hopes for another Rose Bowl invitation. Charley Trippi, stellar Bulldogs running ace, will be on hand to tear the opposition's line to shreds with his tough and brilliant ball-carrying. Georgia rooters expect Trippi to turn in a better brand of play than he did in 1942, which is going some. It was that year that the Bulldogs beat UCLA in the Rose Bowl.

Coach Wallace Butts is one of the few mentors who admits prospects for the forthcoming season are "generally good." Georgia won eight games in 1945, while losing only two. The team went on to trounce Tulsa University in the Oil Bowl, 20-6. It had an exceptionally high number of ex-servicemen playing — 22. Most of them had seen overseas duty. This year the squad will be even stronger on veterans.

The nation's football fans are keeping their eyes

on South Bend. Coach Frank Leahy is back at Notre Dame after a tour of duty in the Navy. The fans are wondering whether he can bring the Irish back to the high position they had always enjoyed in football circles.

"We'll have a representative team in 1946 — one the alumni can be proud of," said Leahy. "We still may lose four or five games."

As usual the Irish are facing one of the toughest schedules in the country. They take on both the Army and Navy again this year, and Northwestern, Purdue and Tulane are not calculated to be push-overs. The famous series with the University of Southern California will be resumed.

Johnnie Lujack will skipper Notre Dame in its T formation stratagems, while Bob Livingston of the 1942 eleven, and Bob Kelly, who played with Navy last year, are halfback candidates. Jim Mello and

Gerry Cowhig will generate Irish power from the fullback spot.

Ziggy Czarobski, regular tackle in 1943, Luke Higgins, letter-man tackle in 1942, and Bob McBride, 1942 guard and an ex-POW in Germany, will resume their line careers.

In contrast, seven of those who played last year have been drafted for duty in the armed services.

Perhaps the most surprising performance of 1945 was that turned in by the Indiana Hoosiers, who won the Big Ten title for the first time in their history. They did it by playing through the season without a defeat. A 7-7 tie with Northwestern was the only mar on their victory record.

Jimmy Dewar, speedy, triple-threat back, Francis Carter, end, and Joe Black, 1942 center, are back from the service to help Coach Bo McMillin in his quest for a repeat performance. Sixteen letter men are back from last season's team. All-American full-back Pete Pihos is slated to lead the attack, barring last-minute developments as the schedule gets under way.

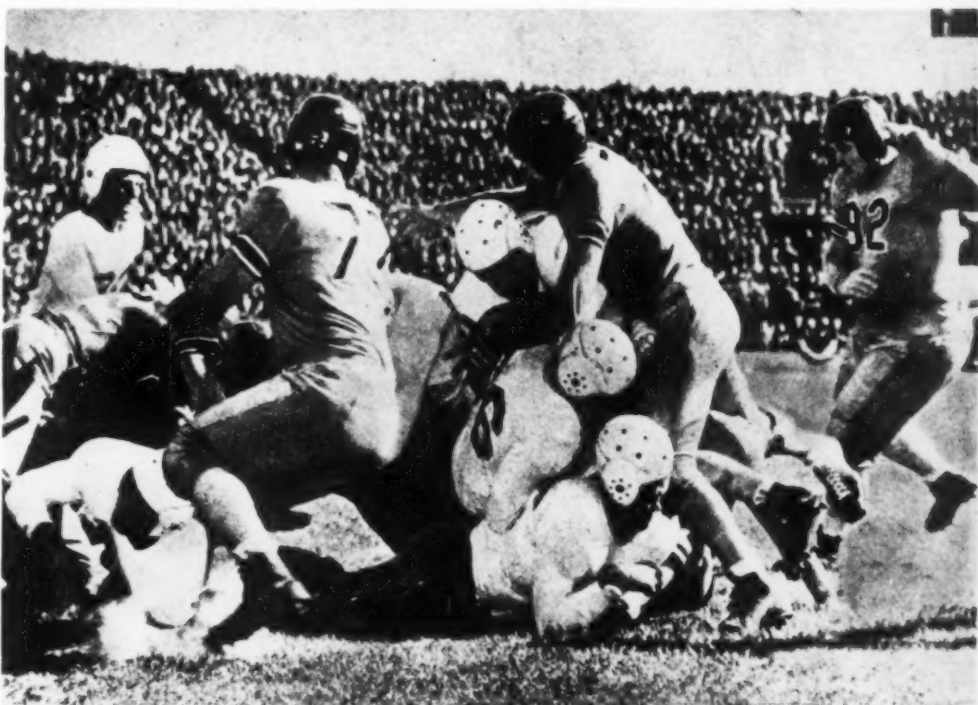
Coach Bierman of Minnesota, never noted for his optimism, was not particularly pleased with the Gophers during spring practice. These sessions, he said, were "very unsatisfactory" when judged by prewar standards. Training started out with a large, ambitious-looking squad, but because some of the men did not seem interested in the game, their numbers diminished rapidly, said Bierman. He hopes for better results this month. The once-terrific Gophers have been out of the limelight since the day, during the war, that Bierman joined the Marine Corps.

Eight men are still available from last year's squad, but only one of these was a letter man. So Minnesota's potential depends on men who enroll this fall. Bierman does not believe he will have enough time this fall to develop this raw material into a smoothly operating team. Rather, he expects to lay the foundation for future Gopher aggregations, patterned, he hopes, on the juggernaut proportions of prewar powerhouses.

The big question puzzling Midwestern fans is where Buddy Young may do his football playing. At this writing the great colored back hadn't made up his mind whether he would return to Illinois, or switch to the far west, and make his scintillating runs for UCLA. If Young were to rejoin the Illini, Ray Eliot's boys could take the Big Ten Title.

Wisconsin and Michigan are looking forward to better seasons. Much of the Badgers' success is dependent on whether players of the great 1942 squad return to school. That year the Badgers ranked third, nationally.

Coach Fritz Crisler had 126 enthusiastic men out for spring practice — the largest number in Wolverine history. He can field an experienced team that will include 15 letter men.



Bobby Layne (partially hidden) smashes through center for the second Texas touchdown against Missouri in the Cotton Bowl. Texas won a hard-fought game

## THE PIGSKIN PICTURE (continued)

Down in the Southwest, where the most rabid football fans are located, an exciting season is in prospect. Dana X. Bible, University of Texas coach, thinks the Southwest Conference will be stronger this fall than it was during the great days of 1938, 1939, 1940 and 1941. It was during this period that Baugh, O'Brien, Kimbrough, Layden and Crain made conference history with their great play.

Bible's own Texas Longhorns are generally conceded to be the team to beat this year. Texas won three of the four wartime championships, and the 1946 team will apparently be stronger than those wartime teams. Yet, says Bible, that may not be sufficient for the coming season. Over 100 men reported for spring football, a large number of whom were newcomers and service returnees. After the switching of Ed Kelley, last year's 220-pound center, to tackle, Steer line play showed a distinct improvement. All-American Hub Bechtol will be back at end. Bible had hopes that Bobby Layne, named the best back in the Southwest Conference in 1945, will once more be wearing a Longhorn uniform this fall.

Texas trounced Missouri in the Cotton Bowl on New Year's Day. Don't be surprised if it makes its first appearance in the Rose Bowl, come next New Year's Day.

Oklahoma A & M, Sugar Bowl champs, will be out to continue their unbeaten ways during the current season. But their chances took a decided setback last May when Bob Fenimore, the Aggies' All-American halfback, was drafted. Fenimore twice led the nation's football players in total yardage gained. He will be impossible to replace.

"We found, last spring," said Coach Jim Lookabaugh, "that our war veterans quickly regained their playing form. They held from ten to 15 pounds more weight than they had as sophomores and juniors."

Nevertheless, Lookabaugh warned Aggie fans not to be too enthusiastic about the 1946 eleven.

"We are not the only school to which prewar football heroes are returning," he said.

Spring drills indicate that Oklahoma will field its biggest and most mobile line in history. Two forward walls, averaging 220 pounds from end to end, will stand ahead of such single-wing trickery as the Cowboys may design. A & M's wartime record in all sports is one of which all Oklahoma fans may well be proud. In 1945, it won the Cotton Bowl championship and national basketball championship. In 1946, the Sugar Bowl championship, the national basketball championship and the national intercollegiate wrestling championship fell to A & M teams.

Without Fenimore packing the ball for the Cowboys this season, it is doubtful whether they can keep their unbeaten grid record intact throughout 1946. The string of straight victories runs up to 19, as of the season's opening.

Western experts

and fans alike are hopping on the University of Southern California's band wagon. Those in the know are saying that USC will make its fourth straight appearance in the Rose Bowl. It was last year that the Trojans' record of seven victories in seven Rose Bowl games was shattered by Alabama. They took a disastrous 34-14 defeat.

Rumor has it that Coach Jeff Cravath is loaded in almost every position with good players. At any rate, he had 170 hopefuls out for spring practice. There will probably be more than that this month. It's in the backfield that Cravath has an abundance of good players. At quarterback he has Jim Hardy, Bob Musick and Leo Riggs ready to befuddle the opposition with top-flight passing. All-Coast halfbacks Ted Tannehill and Gordon Grey will be on hand. Fullbacks who have previous Bowl experience include Duane Whitehead and Jerry Whitney.

Cravath is fairly well satisfied with his line. He has two ends with Bowl experience in Jim Callanan and Don Winslow. One tackle will be 250-pound John Ferraro, tagged All-American in 1943. Walt McCormick, with plenty of T formation experience, is the outstanding center candidate. Guard seems to be the weakest link in the Trojan line, with few proven men on hand.

USC is not the only team on the Coast that is loaded with returning vets. The cross-town rival, UCLA, has its share of ex-Bruin players on hand. Many of these are men who played on the 1943 Rose Bowl team. Cal Rossi, ace Bruin backfield star from last year, is due back. This speedster had an average of seven yards per try in the five games he played. Johnny Roesch, from the 1944 team, who is considered one of the best backs in the country, may be performing for UCLA again.

Coach Bert LaBruerie had 129 men out for spring practice, and expects more than 200 this month. The Bruins could easily upset the experts' predictions and cop the Coast championship and Rose Bowl invitation.

In the Northwest, Pest Welsh at Washington, and Lon Stiner at Oregon State, are expected to field good teams. Stanford is returning to the Coast Conference football picture for the first time since the war. The University of California has a new coach — Frank Wickhorst. He'll be trying to pull the Bears out of the football doldrums suffered during the war. Most of the Coast teams are playing at least one intersectional game this fall. Results of these contests will prove whether the West has recaptured its high prewar position in the nation-wide football picture.

Ex-Marines will be doing their share of playing during

the current season. Almost every major college in the country has former Marines listed on its roster. Perhaps because Bernie Bierman is an ex-Marine himself, Minnesota has a large number of former Marines out to gain positions on the Gopher eleven. They are: Milan Grevich, a sergeant while overseas; Larry Halenkamp, who lettered in 1942; Wally Smith, who received a shattered arm in combat; and Harvey Solon.

Fred Baston, a Marine flier and son of the Gopher's end coach, is also a candidate. Bierman hoped the following Marines would be discharged in time for fall practice: Herb Hein, Herman Frickey, Jerry Carle, Charles Dellago, Verne Gagne and Ed Bush.

At Michigan, the outstanding player of former-year Wolverine teams, on hand for practice, is Paul White, captain and right halfback of the 1943 eleven. White was a lieutenant in the Marine Corps and saw action on Iwo Jima.

Northwestern has two former Marines out for the team. They are Ed Hirsch, 1942 fullback and star of the famous El Toro eleven last season, and Frank Genovese, 1942 guard. Genovese was a Marine lieutenant and was wounded on Okinawa.

Alabama has a large number of ex-Marines battling for positions on the Tide's varsity. They are D. J. Gambrell, who will back up Mancha at center, John Staples, Eli Kaluger and Gri Cashio. Staples recently returned from Japan, while Cashio saw action with the Corps on Guadalcanal, Guam and Okinawa. Coach Frank Thomas has high hopes that Johnny August and Hoseas Rodgers, both with experience on the 1942 squad, will be on hand. They were still in China at this writing.

One of the best linemen in the south this year is a former Marine playing for the University of Tennessee. He is Dick Huffman, a big 230-pound tackle, who is the Vol's outstanding candidate for All-American honors. Dick won a starting berth on the 1943 eleven, and gained recognition as one of the outstanding linemen of the Southeastern Conference. Many observers have rated him as the best tackle ever to don an Orange uniform. He saw action on Saipan, where he received a Letter of Commendation.

Coach Frank Kimbrough's Baylor eleven has several former Marines on the squad. Wayne Franks, who had three years service in the Corps, will be in the starting backfield. Bill Layne, another former Marine, may have won himself a starting spot at end.

Bill Mortinson, a five-foot, seven-inch scat back, will play an important part in Kimbrough's backfield. Mortinson is also quite a track star and has a record of 9.7 for the 100-yard dash. He was wounded in the leg during his two and a half years in the Corps.

The Pacific Coast Conference has plenty of former Marines this year. In the backfield for Southern Cal, Coach Jeff Cravath will have Mickey McCordle, who played several seasons for the El Toro team. Cravath hoped that John Sanchez, still in the Corps at this writing, would be on hand. Sanchez is a big bruiser, very strong, who would take over a tackle position.

The outstanding candidate for a guard position on the UCLA team is Jim McConaughy, a former Marine corporal. He weighs 220 pounds and is a veteran of many Pacific landings.

At Washington, Pest Welsh could almost field an all-Marine backfield. At fullback would be Neil Brooks; at right half, Sam Robinson; and at left half, Bob Erickson. Robinson was a regular on the 1942 and 1943 elevens, and a former Marine lieutenant. Erickson is a big, rugged triple-threatener who saw duty with the Corps in China.

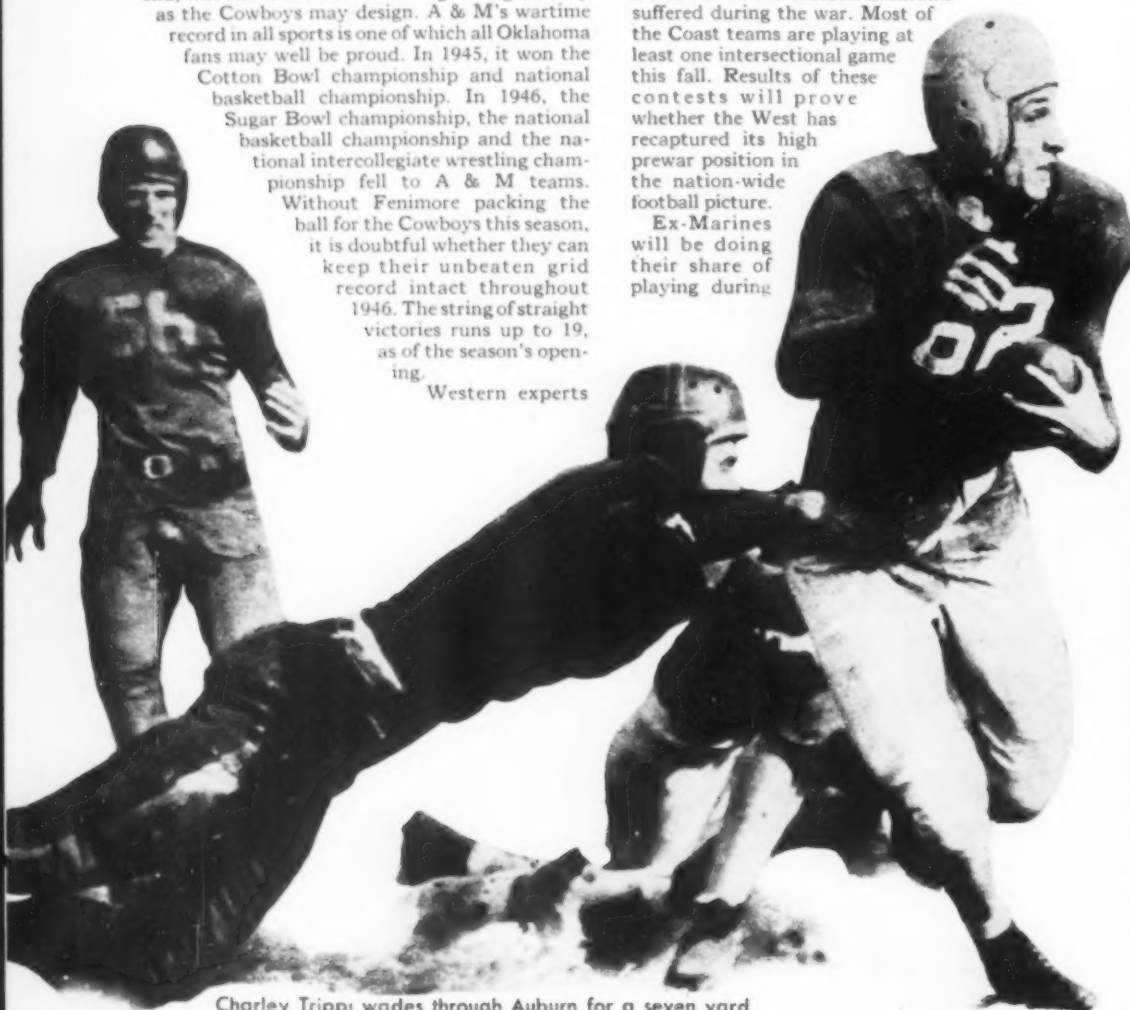
Jack Tracy, a Marine lieutenant, will be catching passes from an end position for the Huskies this fall. The center position will be held down by Gordon Berlin, who in 1943 was one of the Coast's best men at this position. He's another former Marine officer.

At the University of Oregon, Coach Tex Oliver has several Marines on hand. Best of these is Jim Newquist, a brilliant ball carrier from former Oregon teams. Other ex-Marines on the squad include Gene Gillis, at tackle; Brad Ecklund, center; Sam Ramey, back; and Roy Macdonald, tackle.

Oregon State has its share of Marines who are looking for positions on the varsity. They include Lee Gustafson at right half; Martin Chaves, captain of the 1942 Rose Bowl champions; Bill Gray; and Theo Ossowski, one of the best tackles ever to wear the Webfoot uniform.

Marines, who made their share of headlines during the Pacific war, will be in the spotlight once again during the current football season.

END



Charley Trippi wades through Auburn for a seven yard gain. He'll be leading Georgia's attack again this fall





Hand on the operating slide, Frank shows the troops. Often he gives dope to boots



Frankie is in dead earnest as he field-strips his carbine to the accompanying strum of two guitars

Freed after four years in Jap prison camps, Frank Keet was befriended by China Marines

This lad is Frank Keet, son of English parents

# War Wait

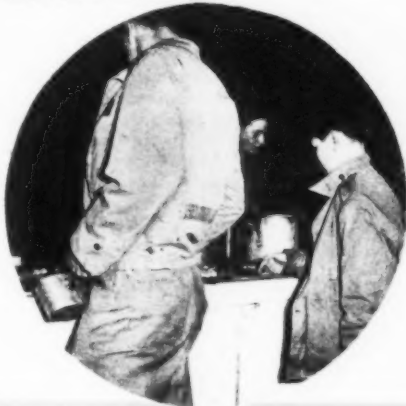
**H**IS RELEASE from the rigors of war internment by Marines left Frank Keet with one burning desire. He wants to be a Marine. The stumbling block is that he is only 12 years old.

When the Japs took over Tientsin in 1941, Frankie, his English-born parents, his three brothers and his sister were thrown into an internment camp. Shortly after the war's end he gained his freedom, but he gained it alone. He had somehow become separated from his parents, and the joy of liberty was short-lived. He had no one and no place to go.

So it was that when the Marines marched into the city he was one of the ragged horde of kids who lined the sides of the roads to cheer, and he was one of the kids who trailed the Marines to their barracks, there to look for a chance to run errands.

The Marines soon took notice of the good-looking little blond lad, whose eagerness made him a handy one to have around. The First Cargo Company of the Seventh Regiment gave him a home in their barracks. Frankie lined up for chow, went on liberty with his "buddies" and even got into the slopchute.

Then it happened. His parents found out where he was and sent word that the family would reassemble in Shanghai. From there they would go to Australia to live. Frankie was glad to hear from his people, but he likes that Marine life, too. Maybe he'll get back to it someday.



Chow time is the best time. This food is far different from that Frank knew in internment



Hit the deck! It's high time to snap to, pal. Out of that sack



Hey! Keep that left foot down. Frank frolics with his buddies

PHOTOS BY SGT. BOB SANDBERG  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

## Mighty Mo Marines get royal welcome in Turkish capitol

PHOTOS BY CORP. TONY ZAMBELLA  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

BY CORP. BILL FARRELL  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE invitation had come from the prettiest girl in Istanbul. "There is a dance tonight at the Palais," she had said. "You must come. I will see you there."

The Marine did not know just where the Palais was, being a newcomer in Istanbul, but he supposed it was some place like New York's Roseland, or a San Francisco dance hall. Anyhow, it would be easy to find. His Marine uniform was like a key to the city; people here certainly were swell.

"Friend," he said to a passer-by, "can you tell me where I'll find the Palais?"

The local resident was politeness itself. Like many Turks, he spoke some English, and seemed surprised at the American's ignorance of the Turkish tongue. He gave the Marine careful instructions with a big smile. Our hero continued on his way. It turned out that the Palais was the Dolma Palace, antique home of past Turkish rulers. This was a swank affair, with epaulettes all over everyone except the Turkish hosts, who were dressed in elegant evening clothes.

What to do? Go in and meet this charming girl, or stand her up? In he went. The only enlisted man present, the Marine was treated as though he ranked with, or at least just below, a cabinet minister.

PFC Harold J. Berube stands by with earphones adjusted at one of the Mighty Mo's pairs of twin 40s. Others are (l. to r.) PFCs Robert Moynihan, Dewey Strickland, Irving Burns and Clark Horn



# Turkish Delight

Two lucky Marines. PFCs Clarence Sweet (left) and Harold Greene with Turkish rugs they won

This was an unusual incident, but not so extraordinary as it might have been on the goodwill cruise of the *USS Missouri*. That was a voyage to remember, especially for the Marines aboard.

The journey began on March 22. After a stormy trip across the Atlantic the battleship reached Gibraltar March 30, and moved on to Istanbul, arriving there on April 4. Three Turkish destroyers escorted her during the last part of the journey. This gave an inkling of the reception awaiting the Americans in Turkey.

The welcome in Istanbul was a solemn one. On May 11, 1944, Mehmet Munir Ertugun, 61-year-old Turkish Ambassador to the United States, had died in Washington. Dean of the diplomatic corps at the capital, he had presented his credentials to the late President Roosevelt back in January, 1934. In his decade as representative here of the Turkish people, he had made many friends, had done a tactful job of preserving harmony between his neutral country and the warring United States. It had been decided not to transport his body home to Turkey while the war was on, and now the voyage of the *Missouri* was, in a way, his funeral procession.

At Istanbul the battleship's Marine detachment formed a guard of honor in the diplomat's cortege. Pacing to the slow, mournful strains of the Chopin funeral march, they made an impressive and dignified picture, which the Turks along the way thoroughly appreciated. Warm, deep pleasure in the Americans' appearance was evident.

And then, with the funeral over, the great old city went to work to celebrate the presence of its visitors. The blue-clad Marines had cut a neat figure, and because they numbered only 80, among more than 1300 sailors, perhaps they stood out more and received a bigger share of attention than the gobs.

This was more true after the second day of their stay, however. First liberty was granted soon after the funeral procession, and the uniform specified was greens. The men stepped ashore in sharp, snappy uniforms — and the Turks didn't recognize them. They were looking for men in blue.

That night a delegation of Marines called on Captain Ronald Jarvis, Jr., commander of the detachment. Their message was brief, clear, and heartfelt. They sure wished they could wear their blues. The Turks would know them in the blues. The



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Off-duty pursuits of seagoing Marines aboard the *Missouri* include idling in their compartment with books or cards



PFCs Robert Nelson and Irving Burns, replacements, unpack their seabags in the Marine compartment of the *Missouri*

greens were unfamiliar. The captain gave it his every consideration. The next liberty party wore blues.

Most of those in the detachment had not been aboard the *Mighty Mo* during its 150,000 miles of combat duty. Only two men had been all through that: Sergeant Warren Thompson, the police sergeant, and Acting Corporal (PFC) Robert L. Moynihan. Most of the men had come aboard in October, 1945, and others had joined at Pearl Harbor, later.

The detachment had been ashore to march as a unit only a few times. But on the trip across it had drilled as often as the weather permitted, and that must have been often enough. The performance of the marching manual and the silent manual in Istanbul snowed the populace. The Marines, sensing this, outdid themselves. On their part, the Turks cheered lustily, and threw their hats in the air.

From April 5 to 8, while the ship stood off Istanbul, the Marines took part in only two real parades, but they were continually standing by to provide honor guards for distinguished visitors to the ship.

This task of hanging around in their blues remained theirs at the other ports visited, too.

Turkish neutrality had left the country in prosperous condition, and in a mood to be extremely entertaining to the American goodwill ambassadors. Thousands of people went through the somewhat strict local procedure of getting approval of their requests to come aboard the *Missouri*, and they treated the ship as something like a shrine. They were orderly and genuinely impressed by the vessel — nobody tried to pry up the circular plate in the deck marking the place where the Japanese surrender documents were signed last year. No souvenir fanciers lost control of themselves. Nothing was borrowed.

The lines of visitors were attractive to the Marines for a particular reason. Among them were quite a few pretty Turkish girls, able and willing to speak English to the attentive men in blue who sprang forward to offer personally-conducted tours. Some of the beautiful ones took their escorts home with them, and a couple hired a taxicab to take



The *Missouri's* most historic spot is over this plate where the Jap surrender pact was signed



The *Mighty Mo* presents an awesome sight as, with guns bared, it is pushed and pulled into its Norfolk slip by five tugs upon returning

from Turkey. This warship fought in all theatres of the war and was the site of the signing of the final surrender pact with the Japs

## The *Missouri's* seagoing Marines enjoyed a Cook's Tour of Mediterranean ports after their warship had accomplished its Turkish mission



At Rome the Marine visitors saw this member of the Pope's Swiss Guards

two of the Marines on an 80-mile tour of the neighboring countryside. In the well-stocked bars and restaurants of the city the Marines were lavishly wined and dined. They usually found signs announcing the naming of some cocktail or dish after the *Missouri*, and adding a word of greeting to the ship's people. The Turkish government issued a postage stamp commemorating the visit of the huge battlewagon, and everybody aboard received gifts of specially-packed Turkish cigarets, fruit, and the sort of candy widely known as Turkish Delight.

Liberty was an unending pleasure, and none of the Marines had occasion to defend their honor, or say a harsh word to anyone. The people were so solicitous of them that they felt they could go anywhere, safe from the predatory type of folk who generally lie in wait for confused celebrants. About the only discomfort they had was the slight embarrassment of being saluted by people who seemed to think of them all as officers.

From Istanbul the ship went to Greece, where it remained at Piraeus from April 10 to April 13. Here the costs of war became suddenly and touchingly apparent. An early victim of Axis greed and ruthlessness, this country presented a grim contrast to the comfortable atmosphere of Turkey. Marching Marines passed through streets still scarred by the explosives of Nazi and Fascist attackers. They saw children whose faces were pinched and shadowed by the hunger that all the sacrifices of their elders could not assuage. At first hand, the Marines saw the things that have prompted Americans at home to make sacrifices of their own, so that aid may be sent to the stricken Europeans.

The welcome the Greek people extended to the Americans was just as warm as that received in Turkey, but there was a difference: The Greeks simply did not have the means to entertain, as had the Turks. But their feelings, as they welcomed the Americans, can be inferred from what one young Greek said as he bade good-bye to a new Marine friend:

"You have shown us again how to smile."

During the *Missouri's* brief stays at Naples, Algiers and Tangier there were ceremonies aboard ship, with visits from dignitaries of the countries visited, but no shore parades. Liberty was more restricted than usual, and uninvited guests were not received on board. From Naples most of the Marines, Catholic or not, took train trips provided for anyone wishing to visit Rome. There they were



Rome's famed basilica of St. Peter looks like a giant's camera lens





The Grand Poobah of the *Missouri*. Captain Robert Jarvis (with sword) dressed in his ceremonial installation garb



In old Algiers the *Missouri's* Marine detachment, in dress blues, parade to a memorial honoring our war casualties



PFC Don Steen looks at a plaque commemorating the voyage to Istanbul

received by Pope Pius XII. The Pope took special pains to greet the Americans, waiving the traditional rule against papal audiences on Good Friday to accommodate those who could not have come at another time.

The Big Mo got back to Gibraltar on April 30, and from there began the trip home. The return voyage was marked by the pleasurable anticipation of getting home, by bad weather, and by two ceremonies. In one, Capt. Jarvis dolled himself up in a richly embroidered blue gown, a red fez, and a big cigar. He climbed aboard a suitably decorated stretcher, which served as a Marine-powered magic carpet. Thus installed, he called on Captain R. H. Hillenkoetter, commander of the *Missouri*, and inducted him into the Mystic Order of the Flying Carpet. Similar inductions were held for the Marines aboard, and everyone who made the voyage

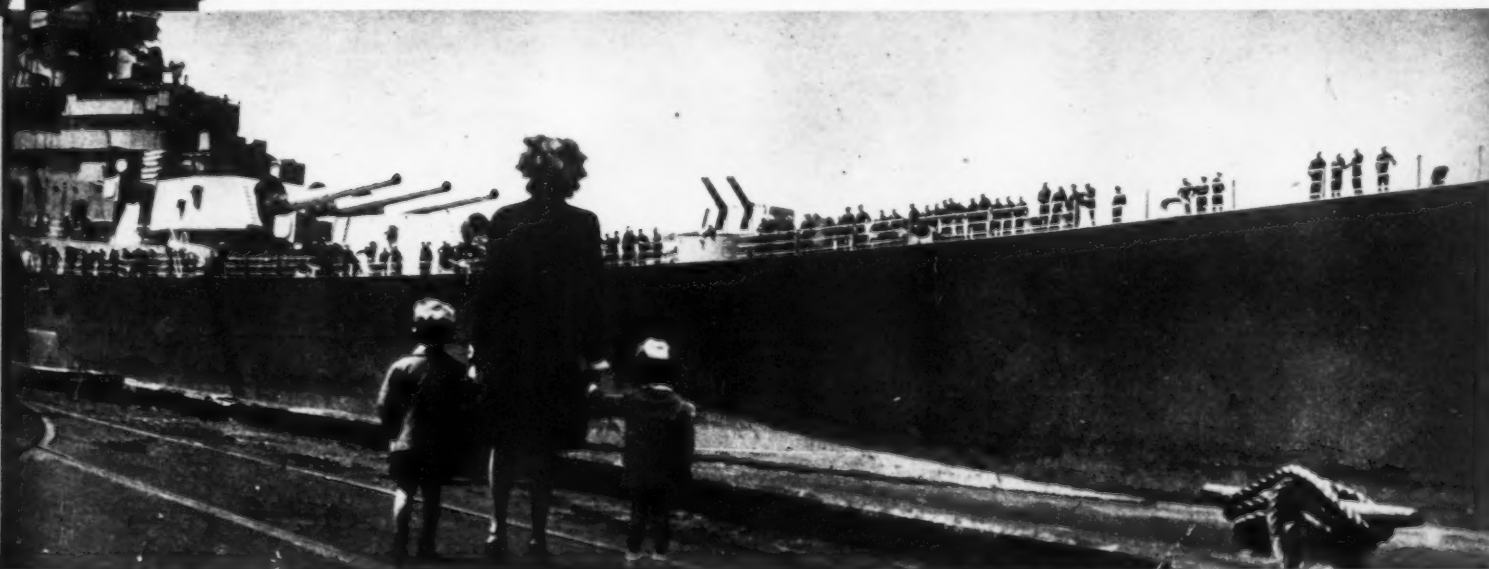
received a membership card, attesting his worthiness to be "recognized as a Flying Carpeteer."

The other ceremony concerned the raffling off of three Turkish rugs presented to the crew by the people of Istanbul. They were handsome rugs, of fine Turkish quality. All the men's liberty cards were placed in a big receptacle, and three were drawn. The Marines could not count on much success in such a drawing since there were about 1300 sailors against 77 Marines among the ticket holders. As it happened, the first rug went to PFC Harold Greene of the Marine detachment. The second was won by PFC Clarence M. Sweet. The third rug went to a sailor.

The Big Mo eased her 53,000 tons of hulk and armament alongside a pier at Norfolk on May 9, to take on supplies and replacements for high-point Marines and sailors. **END**

Its mission accomplished, the giant *Missouri* eases into its slip at Norfolk while relatives and friends

of crew members await the shore leave parties. Those 16-inchers saw action aplenty during the war





# THE SOUVENIR

"... An attractive blonde WR was lying motionless on her back"

*J. DeG...*





by McDonald Lewis

# MURDER CASE

WITH a final spurt of the flame thrower the assault squad closed in on the pillbox, already shattered by demolitions. The chemical haze of smoke grenades still hung in the October air as the advancing Marines mopped up the area.

Then, as they assembled to march from the field, the voice of the announcer rasped from the amplifiers. His words drowned the noise of the applause and the drone of the approaching planes.

"That concludes the infantry assault demonstration, ladies and gentlemen. Approaching now are some Marine planes for a brief air show." Several thousand eyes swung up and toward the circling Corsairs.

"Shall we try to beat the crowd, Ellen?" Russ Walker asked his companion, a WR staff sergeant.

"Sure. We can see those buzzboys go by every day."

They climbed the concrete slope of the stadium and headed up the road with a trickle of other spectators. Navy Day at the Marine post was drawing to a close and soon all the eating places would be jammed by the throng of visitors plus the usual Saturday night crowds. Russ, an instructor in the FBI Academy on the post, was about to open the door of his parked car when he noticed people hurrying across the road near the NCO apartments. One man came running back to his car.

"What's up?" Russ asked.

"Girl lying up there. Gonna call the hospital — may be dead."

"And on my day off," Russ said. He sprinted up the road.

AN attractive blonde WR was lying motionless on her back. Bright red outlined the two stripes on her sleeve, and a darker red stained the front of her blouse, spreading still and almost obscuring the discharge duck over her right breast. She was quite dead.

A siren came screaming down the avenue and approached up the hill, drawing the eyes of the crowd from the diving and zooming planes. It was the long, grey ambulance from the Naval hospital, followed by a small pickup truck with members of the guard. Small boys and dogs were running up the hill from the stadium toward the newer excitement.

Russ had been studying the ground around the body. Now he stood up. "You can't do much for her, commander," he said to the Navy doctor who had arrived with the ambulance, "except to file a certificate on the cause of death."

The doctor took one look and nodded. "That's right, Russ. What happened?"

"Don't know yet," Russ turned to the crowd.

"Anybody see anything?"

A grey-haired sergeant major in shirt sleeves answered. "My wife saw her first — from our apartment window over there. She looked out to see the planes and spotted the girl. I came out while she called the guard and the hospital."

"Thank you," Russ went over to the sergeant of the guard. "I'm from the FBI Academy, sergeant. Could you keep people clear of here till the provost comes?"

"Yes, sir." The sergeant spoke to his men. The medical corpsmen stood by ready to remove the body; the doctor examined the wound.

"She was shot," he said. "With all the shooting around here today, could this have been an accident?"

"I doubt it. The only live ammo used today was .45 caliber. And that was on the pistol range about an hour ago. Besides, the range regulations are very strict and they were all expert shots."

"Not much chance for stray shots, then?"

"No."

"Well, if it wasn't an accident, then . . ."

"It was intentional. Known to the trade as murder."

"I see." The doctor walked over to report to the provost marshal who had just driven up with the officer of the day. Russ moved out to the road and waited by the ambulance, while the provost and his man gathered information from potential witnesses. Finally the waiting corpsmen carried the corporal's corpse to the ambulance. The doctor got in the front seat with the driver.

"Call me in an hour or so, Russ, and I'll tell you about that bullet — if there is any."

The ambulance slid away and Russ walked back to where he had left Ellen in his car.

"Who was that they carried off?"

"It was a discharged colleague of yours. I think we know her. That pretty blonde — Grace something or other — a corporal?"

"Oh, no! Not Grace Banion? Is she dead?"

"She sure is."

ABOUT an hour later Russ hung up the pay phone in the drugstore and went across the street to the restaurant. He rejoined Ellen in the booth where they had been eating dinner.

"Well, it wasn't any wild shot from the pistol

range. It has much greater possibilities than that."

"It wasn't a .45?"

"The doc says there is a metal-jacketed slug that looks like a .30. In fact, he thinks he's seen ones like it before and he thinks he knows where."

"Where?"

"On the beautiful Pacific island of Saipan — among other places. The doc says he dug similar slugs from the frames of many a Marine — put there, of course, by our little brown brothers, the honorable Japanese."

"Then that means a Jap weapon?"

"Right. A Nambu pistol, most likely. And now, my dear, consider how many people on this post are lately returned from the wars laden with souvenirs. And the favorite Pacific souvenirs were sabres, flags, and . . . Nambu pistols."

"So almost anyone might have one."

"Or would know where to get one and how to use it. This is a very unsporting place for a murder — the neighborhood is crawling with highly trained killers and suitable weapons. And this wasn't a very sporting murder, either. Grace was shot three times, the doc says, but he could only find one bullet. It hit a rib or something."

"Three times! Oh, Russ, this is horrible."

"It is. And my first murder case, too."

"Are you handling this?"

"I don't know that there'll be any need. But personally and right now, yes. I know as much as the provost marshal, the town constable, or the county sheriff. Which is not saying much since none of us has much to work on yet."

"You went over the scene of the crime pretty well this afternoon, didn't you?"

"And found lots of footprints — of the crowd, the stretcher-bearers, the MPs, the doc, and my own."

"Well, you know the victim . . . and what killed her."

"The doc's report is on its way to the provost, so we're still all even."

"You make it sound like a game."

"I didn't mean to. Somebody killed Grace, who always struck me as a pretty good kid. We're out to discover who and why, that's all. The fact that it happened on a government reservation might make it a Bureau job eventually, so everything I can do now will help."

Ellen dabbed at her vanilla ice cream. "Why would anyone kill Grace?"

"I was just about to ask you that. Seems to me

**Chief ingredients for this mystery dish are: a pretty blonde WR killed during Marine maneuvers; her strange love past; a quick-thinking sleuth from the FBI**

# SOUVENIR MURDER CASE (continued)

I saw her with a lot of different guys around here. Know any of them?"

"Well, there was the gunny."

"The one with the medals?"

"That's right. Gunnery Sergeant Victor Cook, hero of Tarawa and points west. He's over at the hospital."

"What for?"

"Bad leg, from an old wound. He gets around pretty well, though."

"I've noticed that. He's killed a lot of Japs, huh?"

"You should see some of his citations. Grace was no Jap but she used to see a lot of Vic, and he's noted for his temper."

"Well, that's not much basis for suspicion. Know any of her other men?"

"There was Bob, of course, and Art and..."

"Hold it, hold it. Bob who? And who's Art?"

"Why, Art's one of your boys. Down here for that refresher course you're so proud of. Art Duncan."

"Art Duncan! Look, you can't go ringing in FBI men as suspects. That's unethical. Anyway, he's only been here a little while."

"But he spent a lot of it with Grace, and he's a man and can shoot like an expert, or is supposed to."

"Okay — you win. So there's Art. Now, who is Bob?"

"He's in from the Pacific just a month now. Bob Snyder — the short dark platoon sergeant who was with Grace at the dance. Always seemed very nice to me."

"That's suspicious. Some murderers are very pleasant, especially to attractive young women. Like you."

"And Grace."

"Yeah. Say, when did she get her release?"

"Yesterday. She planned to leave for home tomorrow."

Russ picked up the check and they edged out of the booth. "We're not getting very far, are we? A list of men, all of them expert shots. And a couple of hundred others around."

"But Grace didn't know them all!"

"That's a help."

**S**OON after Sunday breakfast, Russ entered the provost's office. He was at his desk.

"Good morning, major. I'm Russell Walker — FBI. I was one of the first to reach that girl's body yesterday."

"I see. Please sit down, Walker. Have you been able to make anything of this?"

"No, sir. From what Commander Horton says, she may have been shot with a Nambu."

"Yes, that's in his report here. I've sent the slug to your Washington laboratory. Figured we might as well get a final report instead of bothering you people at the Academy tomorrow."

"Good idea, major."

"This thing puzzles me, Walker. From the medical report, that girl was shot shortly before she was found." He shuffled the papers. "Died in a few minutes from a lung perforation which also severed an artery — pulmonary. Two other bullets passed through her body."

"The shots must have been fired while the Marines were assaulting that pillbox. With all those blanks and explosives going off, no one would notice a few pistol shots."

"That's right. And no one anywhere near the stadium would be looking up the road toward the girl. Dammit, it's still ridiculous. Thousands of people close-by and this girl is killed while they are looking the other way."

"We'll just have to work on some other angles, major. Trace her actions and any companions yesterday. I have Ellen — ah, Sergeant Jameson — working on that in the WR barracks."

"Sgt. Jameson?"

"She's a friend of mine, sir. She was with me yesterday."

"Oh, yes, of course. Good idea. Those girls probably talked about the murder all last night — if any stayed aboard this week end. She'll have all their stories, I hope. We're checking the taxi drivers right now."

Another Marine officer entered the office — a flier who still sported his overseas mustache. The provost looked up.

"Yes, lieutenant?"

"Major, I have some information on this murder case." He looked at Russ.



"Good, good. Go right ahead. This is Mr. Walker of the FBI. We were just talking about the affair."

The flier stuck out his hand to Russ. "I'm Lieutenant Ryan. I was flying the last plane in the squadron that put on the show yesterday."

"Glad to know you, lieutenant."

"A bunch of us took off on liberty last night as soon as we landed. I didn't know there was a murder till I saw it in the Washington papers. That reminded me of something, so I came back."

"And what was that?"

"Well, sir, we were circling off to the west of the stadium waiting for the time to start our runs over the crowd. I was looking toward the stadium as I came around that way. That show down there looked pretty much like the real thing — at least from where I was sitting."

"It was plenty good," Russ said.

"I saw a girl hurrying down the road above the stadium. She was almost running and I noticed her because she was the only person in sight — outside of the stadium."

"She was alone?"

"Yes, sir. She suddenly stopped and turned to look back up the road. And then she fell down."

"Fell down?"

"Dropped in her tracks. Her cap fell off and I could see that bright blonde hair shining in the sun."

"Did she get up?"

"Not that I could see, major. I couldn't figure it out. Then I lost sight of her because of the trees and buildings. Didn't see anything when we made our passes over the stadium — no time to look. I forgot about it afterward. I did think of it once on the way to D. C., but I figured with all those people around she couldn't lie there long. Somebody would see her, if something was wrong with her."

"You were quite right, lieutenant. We found her a few minutes later, even before you had landed." The provost asked again, "And you say you saw no one else?"

"That's right, sir. That's why I noticed her in the first place. She was the only thing moving in that area and you spot things like that after looking for Japs on patrol."

"Well, thank you very much, Lt. Ryan. And just give me your quarters phone number in case we want to get in touch with you."

After the pilot had gone, the provost looked at Russ with a worried frown. "That certainly doesn't make things any clearer, Walker. You realize that girl seems to have been killed with a pistol at long range."

"That's just what I was thinking. The road was open for a few hundred yards, at least. I believe the lieutenant actually saw her killed — which means while she was facing up the road. Since she was shot from the front, the killer had to be along that road."

"And that's much too long a range for a pistol, even for an expert shot."

"Especially to score three hits."

"All of which sounds even more incredible." The sergeant of the guard entered, saluted, and

indicated a stocky young cab driver who spoke up quickly.

"Major, I recollect pickin' that young woman up right here yest'day 'bout 3 P.M."

"Now, what's your name?"

"Gus Morton, sir. I been drivin' here over five years."

"Very well, Morton. Please describe your passenger."

"Well, sir, she was a WR with a couple of stripes that I'd noticed roun' here plenty. Mighty good-lookin' blonde and I noticed she was wearin' that discharge patch."

"I see. And how do you know it was 3 P.M.?"

"They were in the crowd that come in on the 2:45 southbound."

"They?"

"Yes, sir. There was a fellow with her."

"What did he look like? Ever see him before?"

"I didn't pay him much mind, major. He was in civilian clothes, though — I'm sure of that, now that I think back. And he had a small bag, one of those overnight liberty kind. Kept it in between his feet in the cab."

"Where did you take them?"

"Out to the stadium, sir. Everybody was headed out that way 'bout that time. They sat in the car a few minutes till I made up a load, but I was standin' outside so I didn't hear any talkin'."

"And you say they came from the southbound train?"

"Well, that I can't rightly say. They were in the crowd come on the post just after the train pulled out. But they might have come from downtown and just been waitin' for the train to move off the crossin'."

"That's true," the major said. "We'll check the passbook to see if Corporal Banion expected any visitors yesterday. That will be all, Morton, and thank you very much."

The passbook showed that Corporal Grace Banion had been issued a pass for October 27, to be used by Technical Sergeant James Banion, Army of the United States. The pass had not been returned after use, as regulations required.

"That could be a brother. Or a husband," the provost said. "Yet that driver said she was with a civilian."

"I'll check at the company office in the WR barracks and with Sgt. Jameson. Some of those girls must have had some idea what Corp. Banion's plans for the week end were."

"Good. And keep me advised, Walker. We want to square this away as soon as possible."

**E**LLEN hurried into the recreation room at the WR area.

"You never look that excited at seeing me," Russ said. "Does it take a murder to stir you up?"

"You know better than that, mastermind. But seriously, Russ, Grace's life was so confused and tragic and most of us never knew anything about it."

"I know it was tragic. But what else?"

"Well, in the first place, Grace didn't get



discharged on points. She didn't have enough."

"So?"

"She was released at her own convenience because she had a husband coming back from overseas."

"Tech. Sgt. James Banion, I presume?"

Ellen looked disappointed. "Oh, then you know." "Not really. I just found out she expected him down here yesterday but I didn't know who he was. Who is he?"

"That's what's so tragic. He'd been missing since early in the war — very early. Since Dieppe."

"Dieppe! I thought he was in the Army."

"He was. In the Rangers. A few of them went in with the Commandos on that landing and he didn't come back."

"He's been missing since 1942?"

"That's just it. They'd only been married a little while — one of those hurry-up things — and then he was missing so long and all."

"You mean Grace had forgotten all about him?"

"Well, yes. They say she was engaged to Bob Snyder."

"Let's see. Now which one is he?"

"You know very well; the short, dark platoon sergeant."

"That's right. So suddenly Grace gets the word not only that her husband is alive but that he's coming home. Is that it?"

"Yes. So she figured the first thing for her to do was to get out of the service. Things were complicated enough for her already."

"They sure were. And what did she expect to do next? Do you know?"

"No. No one does, for sure. Unless Bob does."

"That's an angle. I'll ask him."

**R**USS sat in the office of the provost. He had just finished his account of what Ellen had told him.

"It would be well to hear what Sgt. Snyder has to say about all this," the provost said. "What's his organization?"

"Training battalion, but they just told me he's off on week end liberty in Washington. Please let me know if anything turns up when you see him tomorrow."

"Very well, Walker. I'll call you."

Russ spent about an hour at his desk listing facts and people that might have made the blonde corporal a corpse. He stared at the sheets of paper, did a double take and turned to his shelf of reference books. He read several pages of a manual on hand arms and added a few notations to his list of facts. The phone rang.

The provost told him that Sgt. Snyder had just come in to the office to furnish what information he could regarding the death of Corp. Banion.

"I'll be right down, major," Russ said. He stuffed the sheets of paper in his desk and left.

Sgt. Snyder was sitting across from the provost. He stood up and shook hands when the major introduced them.

"Sgt. Snyder came back as soon as he heard about the case."

"When was that, sergeant?"

"I got up late this morning in a hotel. I was eating breakfast when a couple of fellows I know came by and told me. They had seen it in the

papers and thought that I should read about it."

"And when did you last see Corp. Banion?"

"Friday night was the last time, sir. And I do mean the last."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, ever since she got the word about her husband, things got fouled-up for us. Friday night she told me he was coming down the next day. I showed off — but good."

"You didn't like the idea of taking another man's wife?"

The sergeant looked at Russ coldly. "I was 27 months in the Pacific. I didn't even have a girl back here but I knew a lot of good guys that did — girls or wives. I know what happened to some of them after they got that certain letter — the one where the girl checked out."

"I see what you mean, sergeant. But you did know Corp. Banion was married, didn't you?"

**"NOT** at first. Then when I got serious she told me the truth. But we both believed he was dead. I never saw any prisoners taken on a beachhead — and that Dieppe landing was plenty rough, I guess."

"It certainly was rough, as you put it. It also was very early in the war. Did she ever have any word about him?"

"She got the official word that he was missing. Later the CO of the Rangers wrote and told her what he could. The last time anybody saw Banion things were pretty hot. He could have been captured — he was, of course — but she never heard from him in all that time and he was presumed to be dead."

"And that was more than three years."

"That's right. Grace told me they hadn't really made a go of their marriage, anyway. But that's between them — now that he's back . . . or it was."

"You're quite right, sergeant," the provost said. "It's been an unfortunate thing all around. I appreciate your coming in this morning. Is there anything else, Mr. Walker?"

"Just a few points, major. This sounds silly, sergeant, but did you bring back any souvenirs?"

The sergeant looked surprised, then a little angry. He turned to the provost, who was looking at him seriously. "You mean from overseas? Well, if it matters, I did bring back a couple. The only ones I wanted."

"What were they?"

The sergeant reached inside his shirt and pulled out two metal discs on a chain. "My dog tags — complete with my neck inside."

Russ and the major laughed. "An excellent choice, sergeant," the major said with a smile. "And not much trouble to carry."

"That's right, sir. But all that Jap stuff, I didn't go for. I don't want to be reminded of those monkeys the rest of my life."

"There's one other thing, sergeant," Russ asked. "Do you know Victor Cook?"

"The gunny?"

"Yes, Gunnery Sergeant Cook."

"Well, yes. We tangled a little over Grace but she smoothed him down. That was before she said she'd marry me."

"He took it sort of hard, then?"

"You don't run into something like Grace every day. The gunny wanted to give her the ring and all that, too."

"I see. And did you know any civilians who were interested in her?"

"Only Art Duncan. One of your boys," the sergeant said with a grim smile.

"Oh, yes, Art Duncan," Russ said. "Well, that covers about everything, sergeant. And thanks a lot."

The sergeant stood up. "I hope you get the guy soon. That was no way for a woman to die."

From the provost's office Russ went out to the Naval hospital and looked up Commander Horton.

"What can I do for you, Russ?"

"Just a routine inspection, doc. Seriously, though, I want to ask you a question."

"O.K."

"This bullet you found last night — would you say it had a steel jacket or a metal one?"

"I'd say a metal jacket. The only steel ones I've run across were armor-piercing and this didn't look like one of those."

"That's good enough for me. The report from the Bureau should be back tomorrow, of course, but I'd like to fit this puzzle together today."

"Today? You mean you have it figured out?"

"Not quite. There are still some loose ends around. But I'm hoping. And you'll be the first to know, believe me."

"Next to Ellen, you mean. And the provost."

"Well," Russ started to leave, then turned in the doorway. "By the way, commander, do you happen to know where Gunnery Sergeant Victor Cook hangs out?"

"The gunny? Sure, he's one of our star boarders. And he's hanging all right — on the second deck — in traction."

"Traction?"

"Yeah — with his leg suspended in mid-air with sandbags and all that. Just had an operation on that leg of his. It's coming along fine."

"That's good. And when was this operation?"

"Friday morning. Captain Waters performed it. Do you want to see the gunny right now?"

"Well, no, thanks. In fact, I'll come see him later in the week when I can bring him some flowers or fruit or something."

"Why, Russ, I didn't know you cared!"

"It just happened. Actually I guess you should get the flowers. You just tied up a couple of those loose ends for me."

"All part of our guaranteed service," the doctor said. "But don't forget to tell me how I did it — when you solve your little puzzle."

"You can count on that, doc. So long."

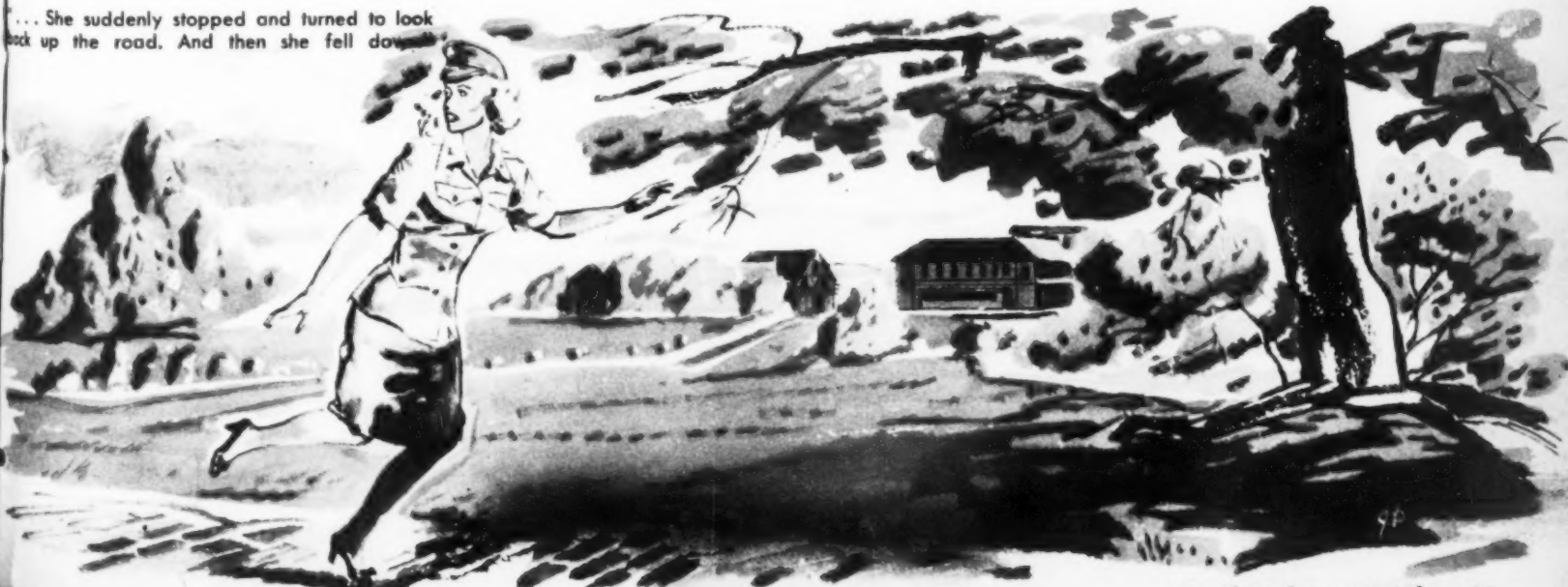
**R**USS got Ellen and they took their usual Sunday afternoon stroll along the river. He gave her the dope on Sgt. Snyder and about the gunny being in the hospital with his leg in the air for three days.

"And what about Art Duncan?"

"Art? Why, I haven't seen him. I've been pretty busy."

"You mean you don't suspect him?" Ellen asked. "Just because he's from the Bureau."

... She suddenly stopped and turned to look back up the road. And then she fell down.





When Master Sergeant Fred Hensel lost all four limbs on Okinawa, he thought he was washed up as a driver.

But Ford wizards designed a tailor-made car he could handle. Most amputees need only a mass-produced kit

# THEY'LL

by Corp. Kirby Katz  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

**T**HE phone on the desk of Ford designer Harold W. Klas buzzed insistently. Shoving aside a set of blueprints marked "Urgent," he hastily picked up the receiver and answered.

"Hello, Harry," said a voice on the other end of the wire. "Listen! We've got a veteran out here who lost both his arms and legs on Okinawa. He wants to know if you can fix him up with a car he can drive?"

"Sure!" replied Klas, after a moment. "I don't know *how* — but we'll do it!"

It was a challenge. But to Klas, who developed the Mark 29 Mine, the Parachute Mine Release and an Anti-Torpedo device for the Navy, no challenge seems insurmountable.

**T**WO weeks later Master Sergeant Frederick Hensel, whose four limbs had been blown off above the joints by a Jap antitank mine, climbed into his own tailor-made Mercury, gave her the gas and sped round the great River Rouge testing track.

"Look, Ma," he cried excitedly, as his dotting wife, Jewel, watched him flip gears, spin the wheel and stop on a dime like a cab driver. "It seems impossible, yet I can drive almost as well as ever!"

Behind this miracle lay endless experimenting, constant testing and retesting, ingenious production of special parts, and a cost in time, material and skilled labor that ran between two and three thousand dollars. But the extra cost to Sgt. Hensel

was exactly nothing. He paid for the car, of course, but not one additional penny for the costly, custom-made equipment which enables him to drive like you and I.

Henry Ford has made this promise:

"No man who lost a limb in World War II is going to have to pay anything extra to drive a Ford automobile."

Theorem hangs a story that should bring new hope and courage to all amputees who feared they might never drive again.

About a year ago, at the behest of the Surgeon General of the U.S. Army, the Society of Automotive Engineers pooled their savvy to produce special appliances that would enable amputees to use any standard-make car. Ford, with full-time, top-flight men on the job, has been first to come forth with the answer. It is an amazing "kit" which attaches neatly to the dashboard and overrides the conventional system of controls.

The mechanism is simplicity itself. On the dashboard, an ordinary toggle switch is flicked to place the car in "special." On the left side of the steering column is a lever which resembles the gearshift lever on the right. This replaces the standard foot pedals. Pull it down and you accelerate. Press a button on the end and you declutch. Push the lever up and you brake. It seems incredible. Yet, without using feet at all, you can drive as easily and con-

fidently as though-relying on the conventional foot-operated clutch, brake and accelerator. In fact, since you have only one lever to operate, the process is actually easier.

In the event you should stall on a grade, a special "No-Roll" feature automatically prevents the car from sliding backward.

One of the many beauties of this remarkable kit is that it does not spoil the appearance of an ordinary car in any way. There are no "Rube Goldberg" devices to mar the sleek, modern interior, no outlandish mechanisms to tell the world, "This car is being driven by an amputee!" To sensitive men who are trying to live as normally and inconspicuously as possible, this feature is very important.

Installation of the kit does not prevent a car from being driven in the customary way by an ordinary person. When, for example, amputee John Doe brings his car in from a spin some afternoon, his wife needs merely to switch the kit off and everything is ready for her to drive in the usual manner. As an extra precaution, the mechanism is so designed that the car can be driven either way when the kit is in "special." But when it is turned off, an amputee cannot drive it. That prevents accidents.

**S**INCE hospitals estimate that 75 per cent of all amputees have only one limb missing, kits have been designed for such cases. There are four



## HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR KIT FREE

(You pay for the car, of course)

IF YOU HAVE THIS  
DISABILITY ...

YOU WILL  
NEED THIS ...

### KIT NO. 1.

Left Arm below Elbow  
Left Arm above Elbow  
Right Arm below Elbow  
Right Arm above Elbow

Grip on Steering Wheel  
Electric Direction Signal

### KIT NO. 2.

Left Leg above Knee

Hand-Operated Dimmer Switch  
Vacuum-Controlled Clutch.

### KIT NO. 3.

Right Leg above Knee

Vacuum-Controlled Clutch.

### KIT NO. 4.

Left and Right Legs  
above Knees

Hand-Operated Dimmer Switch  
Vacuum-Controlled Clutch.  
Hand Vacuum-Controlled Brake.  
Hand Throttle.

Your local dealer will install a kit without charge on a Ford or Mercury of 1947 model or later, provided that you're a disabled vet of World War II

To help amputee vets, Ford offers a kit that practically "does your driving." He turned out a special job for a GI with no limbs at all!



No legs are needed to work standard kits. The left lever brakes, accelerates, and declutches, by pushing a button

# DRIVE AGAIN

different variations to cover different types of amputees. These kits can be ordered by number from your local dealer by glancing at the guide chart shown on this page. All four are in full production. A total of 1500 kits are planned for this year.

There are some multiple-amputees from this war, and three or four known "quads," like Sgt. Hensel, who have lost all four limbs in combat. But Hensel's case proves dramatically that such men can be taken care of. His car is specially equipped, since more of the various mass-produced kits would serve him.

Along the ceiling and dashboard of Hensel's Mercury are a series of sturdy chrome rings, installed so he can pull himself into the car and move from one position to another. He can strap himself to one of these rings to keep from falling against the accelerator. The accelerator (this Hensel suggested, himself) is so placed that he can press it by leaning his right knee ever so slightly against it. Normally, this motion would cause his helpless, false foot to slide away from the brake. For this reason, KLAS designed a special, outsize chrome brake pedal large enough that Hensel's foot can slide on it. So that the weight of his foot will not cause him to ride the brake, spring counterweights have been installed. Just the slightest additional pressure and the powerful bus-type brake, contributed by Bendix, halts the car instantly.

Other special devices include a rubber-coated



For armless drivers who can't push a clutch button, this left lever disengages automatically upon release

The day Fred Hensel got his custom-built Mercury, he could drive like a cabby. Standard kits are still easier



The accelerator, invented by Hensel himself, is operated by slight knee-pressure. To make this tailor-made car, Ford stopped important production of '47 models, spent over \$3,000, yet refused to charge Hensel one penny extra



steering wheel with a "spinner" for Hensel's hooks, a "saddle-type" clutch plate that prevents his uncontrollable left artificial limb from slipping, a king-size ignition switch that can be tapped on and off, a ringed, easy-to-hook gear lever and a tailor-made steering column that's raised two inches to give clumsy artificial limbs extra leverage. The special clutch and brake pedals can be removed in two minutes if Mrs. Hensel wishes to drive.

For veterans who fear they must wait endless months to get a new Ford, Mercury or Lincoln with their special attachments, Ford has ordered all dealers to set aside 20 per cent of their cars for veterans.

Kits may be installed on any model Ford back to, and including, 1940. This is because the draft started in 1940, when many men put their cars on jacks and went off to war. Some of those men are now disabled. Ford feels they deserve this special equipment as much as any other veteran who has fought for his country. Nearly all states are willing to license amputees who can prove their ability to drive safely, with or without special devices.

Kits, mass-produced, probably would cost between \$200 and \$300 if ever released for general sale. They cost much more for individual cars like Hensel's. Ford actually stopped his entire production of pilot '47 models and placed top men and special materials at Hensel's disposal. This would have been far too costly if profit or general sale had been the object. But Ford was not thinking in terms of dollars and cents in trying to help our veterans.

"We've been rewarded many times over for our efforts," said Klas. "Take the case of a young vet who came in here the other day. Before the war he depended upon his farm pickup for a livelihood. After being wounded, he became fearful and despondent, afraid he could not earn his living again."

"The kid was pretty broken up when he came in here. Inside of two days we had him fixed up with a truck he could handle, and with a chance to keep his job, his income and his self-respect."

"I wish you could have seen his face light up the day he made his first 'solo!' It's things like that that make us at Ford say, 'To hell with the cost! Here's all the pay we want!'"



Those king-size pedals help keep Hensel's false limbs from slipping. Bendix contributed a huge bus-type safety brake



Hensel holds the wheel with one artificial hand, works an electric blinker signal with the other

Money can't buy you  
an aid like this - but  
valor wins one free

Chrome rings on the ceiling and dash enable him to hoist and strap himself into place. This prevents falling on knee-accelerator and losing control





Henry found himself sitting on starvation's  
doorstep after his girl, Gertrude, read  
off Carelli, the lovesick mess cook

# CHOW

## it's wonderful!

by Corp. William Milhon  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

"**K**NUCKLEHEAD," said Gertrude, "you are fat."

I didn't like the look in her eye. It meant trouble. When Gertrude gets that calm, angelic expression on her face, it means stand by for action. She was leaning out the window of her garbage truck and I was taking it easy, sitting on a sack of spuds. This was a drowsy afternoon behind Double P mess hall at Parris Island.

"The other boots aren't fat," she said, moodily.

That is true. The knuckleheads at PI are not noted for avoirdupois. The boys get enough to eat, of course, but I had found an extra source of calories. Sergeant Carelli feeds me. There is nothing like the bacon and tomato sandwiches he slips me between chows. I am a kind of manager for him in his love affair with little Gertrude. It is a very good deal. At the moment I am supposed to fix him up for tonight.

"Like a movie?" I asked, hopefully. I didn't like the look in her eye.

"With you, yes."

"I mean with Carelli."

"Nope."

"Now, Stinky . . ."

"Even in the open-air theater Carelli smells."

"Ssh! You'll spoil everything."

"Fatty," she said.

The galley door banged open and Carelli strode grandly toward us. A mess sergeant is an important person.

"Please," I said desperately. "Be nice to him for another week or two and I'll be . . ."

"Fatter!" said Gertrude. "Nope."

I knew what that look in her eye meant, now. I hated to think about it.

Carelli came to the truck smiling all over himself. He stepped on my foot. I took this as an invitation to leave, so I limped sadly away. In a few moments, I'd be running for my life. The safest plan would be to leave immediately. But I wanted to see this. Maybe Gertrude wouldn't do it to me.

"My Poopsie," said Carelli, fondly.

"Blah," said Gertrude.

"AW-HAW-HAW!" Carelli laughed. "You joke. What time do I pick you up?"

"Carelli," she said quietly. "You are a mess."

The smile faded from his bulging face.

"I am a mess sergeant."

"You are a mess, period," she said.

I rubbed my foot, hopelessly, and prepared to evacuate the area. I was a dead pigeon.

Carelli could not understand it. "But Poopsie . . ."

"You poor jerk," she said kindly. "I was nice to you to please my fiancé."

"You are making this up!"

Gertrude dug it out of her pocket. I knew that she'd do it sooner or later. It was the diamond I had bought for her before I went off the beam and joined the Marine Corps.

Carelli got a load of the engagement ring and rubbed his face hard with both hands.

"I won't believe it," he whispered.



Gertrude was very matter of fact about it. "You stink," she said. She started the motor of her truck and threw it into reverse. "G'bye."

"Who is this man?" screamed Carelli, seizing the front bumper.

The wheels skidded aimlessly. Carelli is a powerful man.

"You let go my truck," said Gertrude.

"Who is he?" Carelli shouted, shaking the truck in his fury. "I'll kill him."

"Henry," Gertrude yelled at me. "Henry, make him let go my garbage truck."

I was thinking about escape. Joe Louis, yes. Wounded bulls, yes. Carelli when he is mad, no.

Carelli released the bumper. The truck leaped backward like a frightened rabbit and crashed into the GI shack. Carelli turned slowly and looked at me as the intelligence soaked through his thick skull.

"So it's Henry," he said softly.

He flexed his shoulder muscles and started toward me.

"Ah, little Henry," he said. "It is you all the time."

I am sure that Gertrude didn't do it intentionally. Women are silly. They think the men they love can whip anybody. It just happened when she got the truck in gear that she had a sight picture on Carelli. He had to jump aside, or be mowed down at six o'clock. We jumped at the same time, but in different directions. I ran into the galley, through the mess hall, and out the front door. As I reached the roadway, I heard a tremendous crashing and splintering of wood. I found out later that someone had told Carelli I was in the GI shed. He battered it down, looking for me. He is a powerful man.

That happened on Monday. It is surprising how hungry a guy can get in four days if he doesn't eat.

On Thursday afternoon I sat on the sand moodily digging a fiddler crab from his hole. Sand crabs are not very tasty. They have a sandy, ditchwater, gooey flavor. Also, they are hard to catch when a man is in a weakened condition. I was desperate.

I don't believe Gertrude realized what she had done to me. You see, on Parris Island a boot must take chow at a certain time at a certain mess hall. Theoretically, a cook cannot keep a knucklehead out of his mess hall if the knucklehead is supposed to eat there. But that is only theory. Carelli carries a meat cleaver. Even during his off-duty periods he sat around the galley whetting his cleaver, and he always met our platoon at the door.

A cook is very temperamental and unforgiving. I brushed the sand away with my bayonet and looked at my lunch. He looked at me, too. Sadly, I lifted him from the hole, admiring the quick way he pulled in his eyes. That meant muscle and food value. Most of them are just juicy.

What worried me most was the buzzard circling above me. Buzzards are very smart birds. This one had his eye on me, for reasons of his own. He knew that I couldn't hold out much longer.

Then I saw Smitty, and one of my horrible ideas hit me. I placed the crab on the sand gently and watched him scuttle away.

"Hey, Smitty."

The poor jerk came toward me suspiciously.

"I won't do it," he said. "Whatever it is, I won't do it."

He had cleaned the head this morning on my account. I'm always causing trouble for poor Smitty. We look alike, and the DI confuses him with me.

"You aren't mad? You would not hold a grudge."

"Nah. But I won't do it, whatever it is."

"You want to make a buck."

"Nope." He was very stubborn about it.

"There's nothing bad in this. No trouble. I just want you to swap dungarees with me."

Smith looked at the dollar I was holding under his nose. He rubbed the stubble on his scalp, frowning. The poor boy is not very bright but he loves money.





"Mine's dirty," he said, lazily rubbing his ribs. "They're salty," I told him, quickly. I peeled off my jacket and started unbuttoning his. The trade was completed and I started back to the PB.

"Hey," said Smith. "You can't trade back." "You had something in the pocket," he said. Smith is very honest. "You can have it."

I wanted to get away from him. My conscience hurt me, and it was almost chow time. "I won't cheat you," said Smith.

He gave me the articles. Three photographs and two sand crabs.

I didn't need the crabs, now, and I didn't want the pictures. They were shots I had taken of Gertrude and Carelli, pictures of him pawing the sweet girl, and one in which he had backed her against the garbage truck, kissing her with unrestrained enthusiasm. They reminded me of the good old days when I was eating. Smith wouldn't take them.

"My buddy," I said, "you are a good runner, I trust."

"Not very." I shook my head in pity. Then I prepared for chow.

The luxurious aroma of C ration curled from the galley and wreathed itself tantalizingly around my head as I stood in the chow line. I inhaled a lot of it. It seemed to give me strength.

Carelli came dashing out of the mess hall. "Where is he?" he shouted.

The platoon shuffled uneasily. "Sound off, you stupid boots," yelled Carelli, brandishing his cleaver. "Where is Private Henry Swift?"

Nobody answered. The other boys weren't very hungry, anyway. Carelli had fed them C ration since D-Day with Gertrude.

"You," screamed the cook, seizing a boot by the stacking swivel, "where is he?"

"D-dead, sir."

Carelli would not eat this. "Show me the body," he roared. "I got to mutilate it!"

I walked close to the boot ahead as the line moved through the door. I prayed that my disguise would be effective. I had Smith's name stencilled all over me and I'd rubbed my face with shoe dubbing and had sprinkled it with sand.

I took a tray from the rack. Carelli let out a roar. There was a commotion in the line ahead of me. Another bellow from Carelli. Then a boot took off at high speed with Carelli bay-

ing at his heels.

I sniffed the C ration, smiling happily. Smith hadn't noticed my art work on the back of the dungarees he was wearing. I had printed in huge letters: Henry Swift, USMC, Brownsville, Pa.

I hoped poor Smitty would have enough wind to run clear to Elliot's beach. In that case, I would go through the chow line twice.

The line stopped. I poked the knucklehead in front.

"What gives?"

"They're surveying the dog food," he said.

I leaned against the tray rack smelling the lovely smells one often smells in mess halls. Chow is wonderful. I regard it as one of the most important things in life.

Then I became aware of a presence. I felt someone watching me. Also, I could feel hot breath on my neck. I tried to control myself, as I was wearing Smith's dungaree trousers, too.

"It wasn't him," said Carelli.

He was standing over me, breathing hard. There was no blood on his cleaver, I noticed. In the other hand he had a torn collar and a broken dog tag.

The chow line surged forward again. I plunked my tray down and the mess boy sloshed it full of lovely hash. I've never seen anything more appetizing. I was so overcome by the appearance and smell of this wonderful food that I sort of forgot about Carelli, who was walking beside me.

"Boot named Smith," he said to himself. He peered at the dog tag. "Jerome Smith." Then he glared at the name on my jacket. "Hmmm," he said. "Boy, what's that on your face?"

"Fravvissade, sir."

I wasn't afraid of him now. I must have been hypnotized by that gorgeous C ration. My feet started automatically toward the benches.

"Seen Gertrude?"

"Not today, sir."

"Hah!" he shouted.

He was sure of me. He extended one huge paw, and that brought me to my senses. I dropped the tray and took off.

It was the hardest thing I've ever done in my life, dropping that tray. But I'm sure Carelli would have nailed me otherwise. As it was, he stepped in it and slid about 15 feet. He picked up everything in his path just like a bulldozer. Two mess men and three knuckleheads were piled on top of him along with generous portions of the menu. The mass moved with the majesty of an avalanche into the garbage containers near the door. I noted this as I made a discreet exit.

**H**UNGER is supposed to sharpen a man's wits. That is an invention of a man who has never been hungry. I was aware of the GI can I was leaning against and I noticed the incredible beauty of the South Carolina sky, but all the time I was thinking about a hot pastrami sandwich.

Gertrude would not let me die. She has always helped me in my hour of need. I felt sure that she wouldn't fail me, although she was late today. She would make up with Carelli for my sake.

The red Buick came by again, driving very slowly. Evidently, the girl was lost. She smiled at me, and though I am very true to Gertrude, I smiled also, wanly. One seldom sees nice little blonde civilians in red Buicks on Parris Island. I think she would have stopped, but she saw the garbage truck coming and swung out of the way with a clash of gears. Gertrude is a wild driver. The Buick dodged just in time.

Gertrude frowned at me. "Friend of yours?" She waved at the red car.

"Nope."

Gertrude is lovely. She's slender and sweet and she has the wild, frightened beauty of a fawn. She would help me.

"I'm starving," I said, quietly.

Her eyes widened. "Why, you sweet knucklehead."

"I haven't eaten for four days."

Gertrude patted my cheek.

"I like those hollows," she said. "I like you when you're pale and aristocratic looking."

I prayed for strength.

"I got to start eating again," I said.

"You sweet knucklehead." She shook her head, marvelling at it. "You went on a diet because I said you were too fat. How sweet."

"No, not exactly . . ."

"Don't starve yourself," she said. "You eat!"

"But, you see . . ."

"You go right over to the mess hall and tell Carelli to fix a sandwich for you."

"Oh, no!" I can't bear to think of what would happen to me.

"Yes," said Gertrude, emphatically. "Make him give you two or three sandwiches. Just so you don't get fat."

I thought about Carelli and the way he had ripped the azalea bushes out of the sand. I thought about the way he chopped up the meat block with his cleaver. Gertrude didn't understand.

"The fact is . . ." I began.

"It's chow time, knucklehead." She patted my cheek. "We have Southern fried chicken tonight. Have to shove. G'bye."

"But, Stinky."

I watched the truck move away. Gertrude is wonderful but she isn't bright.

I was sunk. I took the pictures sadly from my dungarees and looked at them again. Carelli and Gertrude in the good old days of chow. I dropped them in the garbage can, and sadly faced death by malnutrition.

Then I heard a crash. The garbage truck swung triumphantly around the corner. Gertrude had missed the red car on the first run but she had scored a near miss on the way back. She enjoys accidents.

The Buick was stalled in the coalbin of PB 52.

I am a Boy Scout to the very last. I summoned the remainder of my fading strength and went to the little blonde's aid. I backed the car out of the coal and asked her if I could assist her further. Yes, she was lost. She was looking for a mess hall but she had forgotten the letters. She curled up on the seat ticking off the alphabet on her pink fingers. A very cute thing, but not smart.

"I'm looking for a man, really," she said. "Joe hasn't been writing to me and I came here to surprise him."

I started in low gear.

"What battalion?"

"I don't know. He's a sergeant. The name is Carelli."

I kissed her. There was no passion in it. It was just a nice honest kiss of gratitude.

"My," she said. "Oh my!"

"I'll take you to him," I said. "But first I must stop at this lovely garbage can. I dropped something in there by mistake . . ."

**I** ATE a gallon of C ration at first, just to take the edge off my appetite. Then I had some delicious pancakes with ketchup. For the main course, I was served Steak a la Carelli with mushroom sauce, while the second cook was whipping together a chocolate cake for dessert.

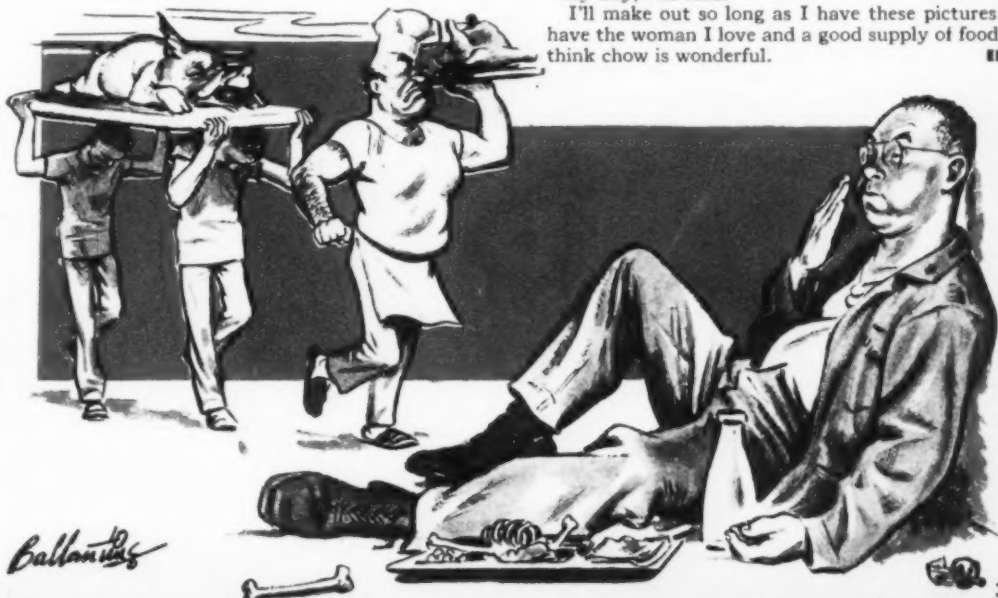
The little blonde, who was Carelli's wife, could not understand the motherly interest he took in me.

"He and a garbage truck driver and I are buddies," I explained, burping happily. "I have some pictures you might enjoy, Mrs. Carelli."

"Adutduddut," said Carelli, slapping another steak on my plate. He patted me affectionately. "My boy," he said.

I'll make out so long as I have these pictures. I have the woman I love and a good supply of food. I think chow is wonderful.

END





Jack Kraft






# The FIFTH DIVISION

by Joel D. Thacker

Historical Division, USMC



**I**T WAS during the closing months of 1943 that it became apparent that the Marine Corps needed a Fifth Division for combat operations in the Pacific. The First was preparing for the New Britain operation; the Second was moving toward Tarawa; the Third was busy in the jungles of Bougainville; and the Fourth was getting set for the Marshalls campaign. There was no reserve division available.

On Armistice Day, 1943, the Commandant of the Marine Corps directed the Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, San Diego Area, and the Commanding General at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, to organize "The Fifth Marine Division consisting of the 22nd Marines (Infantry), 26th Marines (Infantry), 27th Marines (Infantry), 13th Marines (Artillery), 16th Marines (Engineer), and Headquarters and Service Troops." This order was modified, however, by another letter from the Commandant dated January 20, 1944, directing that the 22nd Marines would be replaced by the 28th Marines.

The Division Headquarters Battalion

was formed at Camp Pendleton on December 1, 1943; the 16th Marine Regiment was activated at Camp Lejeune, December 15, 1943; the 13th, 26th, and 27th Marines were organized at Camp Pendleton on January 10, 1944; the 28th Marines and the Service Troops were activated on February 8, 1944. The Service Troops were composed of the Service Battalion, the Medical Battalion, the Motor Transport Battalion, the Tank Battalion, and the Headquarters Battalion.

The division was officially activated on January 21, 1944, with Brigadier General Thomas E. Bourke as Acting Division Commander, and Colonel John W. Beckett, Chief of Staff. Major General Keller E. Rockey assumed command on February 4, 1944, and Gen. Bourke became Assistant Division Commander. On February 7, 1944, Colonel William A. Worton relieved Col. Beckett as Chief of Staff.

During the first week of February, 1944, the artillery and engineer regiments, and the medical unit that had been formed at Lejeune, arrived at Camp Pendleton, and the division entered an intensive training program that carried the units step by step from basic individual training through individual and small unit training, company, battalion and regimental training, finally to amphibious training.

On May 25, 1944, the 16th Marine Regiment was reorganized and redesignated as the 5th Engineer Battalion and the 5th Pioneer Battalion.

At a sunset parade on June 17, 1944, each of the regiments of the division was presented its official "colors," the Stars and Stripes of the United States and the Scarlet and Gold of the Marine Corps. As the new flags were unfurled to the gaze of the approximately 18,000 men of the new division, most of them boots, with a sprinkling of veterans from Guadalcanal, New Georgia, Bougainville, Tarawa, New Britain, and the Marshalls, not one of them could foresee the day when a group of their men would plant Old Glory atop a volcanic crater on Iwo Jima, and that this incident would become a dramatic high light of World War II.

UNCOMMON  
WATER WAS  
A COMMON  
VIRTUE

CE SUFFICI  
FREEDOM OF RELIGION  
FREEDOM FROM WANT

## FIFTH DIVISION (continued)



Major General Keller Rockey watches corpsmen attend to some of the Fifth Division wounded during the Iwo Jima fighting. Here (in foreground) a badly wounded Marine receives vital blood plasma

In July, 1944, the amphibious training schedule called for landing exercises by each regimental combat team, under supervision of the Amphibious Training Command, Pacific Fleet. Combat Team 26 embarked at San Diego on July 7 for San Clemente Island, where two landing exercises were carried out. The ships then moved to a position off the California coast, where Combat Team 26 executed a landing with the mission of occupying "Pendleton Island." Although the schedule called for a continuation of the exercise ashore, the maneuvers were cancelled on July 12. Combat Team 26 returned to camp and began preparations to embark for overseas duty. Combat Team 26 was to be available for use with the 1st Provisional Marine Brigade in the Guam operation.

On July 22, 1944, the 26th Marine Regiment, reinforced, was detached from the Fifth Division and sailed from San Diego to report to the Commander in Chief, Pacific Ocean Areas, for duty. A few days after leaving San Diego a message was received from the Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet, which stated that the Guam campaign was progressing favorably and that additional forces would not be needed there. The 26th Marines were ordered to proceed to Hilo, Hawaii. It arrived there on July 29, and began moving to Camp Tarawa.

Meanwhile, the remainder of the Fifth Division continued its training at Camp Pendleton. From July 15 to 23, 1944, the 27th Marines conducted landing exercises at San Clemente and at Aliso Beach, followed by a three-day problem ashore. Immediately afterward, the 28th Marines carried out a similar maneuver.

On August 12, 1944, the 27th Marines, the rear echelon of the 26th Marines, and the division commander and his staff embarked at San Diego and sailed for Hawaii. The convoy arrived at Hilo on July 18, and Gen. Rockey reported to the Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, for duty.

On August 23, VMO 5 embarked and left San Diego, the first unit of the rear echelon to leave. It was followed at intervals by the last units of the 13th and 28th Marines. The final units of the 28th left San Diego on October 11, and the command post of the division rear echelon closed at Camp Pendleton. The last units of the rear echelon arrived at Hilo on October 19, and the elements of the division were united again.

On October 18, 1944, the division staff was informed that the division, as part of the Fifth Amphibious Corps, would participate in an assault on Iwo Jima, referred to as "Island X." The division was officially assigned to the Fifth Amphibious Corps on October 20, and on October 24 word was received that loading for the Iwo Jima operation would begin on December 2.

Training during the first 18 days of November emphasized planning and functioning of combat team and landing team staffs, with special stress on the planning and preparation of operation orders, conduct of the command post, cooperation and teamwork between staffs, and preparation of staff records and reports. Functioning of supply channels, and operation and coordination of all communi-

cation agencies was exercised. The remaining 12 days of November were spent in the final stages of the division's training for combat operations against the enemy.

Orders were issued for the conducting of training while afloat. Combat teams and the support group were carefully inspected for shortages of equipment. A division CPX was held in which use of communications and preparation of periodic reports and numerous staff conferences were held, relative to the plans of the forthcoming operation.

Upon being notified by dispatches that the loading date was to be delayed, the final stages of training were continued. When VMO 5 departed for Pearl Harbor on December 16, 1944, it was obvious to everyone that the departure date for the division was at hand. On December 20, the movement of equipment and supplies to the piers at Hilo, and to the LST beach was initiated, and on Christmas Day, the loading of cargo aboard ship got under way. For two weeks, the supplies and personnel of the division left Kamuela in a steady stream and moved to Hilo for embarkation. By January 9, 1945, the last unit, Combat Team 28, of the combat echelon, had sailed for Pearl Harbor leaving only the base echelon at Camp Tarawa.

Upon arrival at Pearl Harbor, a liberty schedule was set up so that 25 per cent of the men of each unit could go ashore each day. This pleasant diversion was soon ended, however, for on January 12 the entire division embarked, leaving Pearl Harbor for full-scale maneuvers. These exercises conducted at Maalaea Bay and at Kahoolawe included rehearsals of the ship-to-shore movement, as well as a full-scale landing and overnight problem.

On January 18, all units returned to Pearl Harbor for a final period of rehabilitation. A certain percentage of the personnel was granted liberty each day and senior officers and their staffs held a number of conferences and critiques. On January 22, the LST and LSM flotilla carrying the 13th Marines, 11th Amphibious Tractor Battalion, 5th Tank Battalion, and the 5th Shore Party Regiment sailed from Pearl Harbor. On January 27, the remainder of the Fifth Division sailed for Eniwetok and Saipan. After the convoy was well under way, the word was passed to all hands that the Fifth was bound for Iwo Jima, its first combat mission.

On February 19, 1945, the division, numbering 24,797 officers and men, began going ashore on the southeast beaches of Iwo Jima. The Fourth Division, under the command of Major General Clifton B. Cates, landed on the right of the Fifth, while the Third Division, under the command of Major General Graves B. Erskine, formed the expeditionary troops reserve. The Iwo Jima landing force — Task Group 56.1 — was built around the Fifth Amphibious Corps under the command of Major General Harry S. L. Smith. Lieutenant General Holland M. Smith was in command of expeditionary troops (Task Force 56). Vice Admiral R. K. Turner commanded joint expeditionary troops (Task Force 51) and Admiral R. A. Spruance was in command of the 5th Fleet (Task Force 50).

In the Fifth Division zone of action, Combat Team 27 and 28 landed abreast, with Combat

Team (CT) 27 on the right. The division reserve consisted of Landing Teams 3/28 and 1/26. CT 26 (less LT 1/26) was Corps reserve.

The first wave crossed the line of departure at 0825 and hit the beaches between 0859 and 0903. In the advance across the island to the cliff line on the west coast the assault battalions from left to right were 1/27, 2/27, and 1/28. After LT 1/28 had moved out, 2/28 landed at 0956 and deployed facing Mount Suribachi in order to cover the open left flank. Beaches were lightly held by the enemy, but when the assault units moved inland Jap artillery and mortar fire increased steadily.

While the assault units were pushing across the island, the supporting units were encountering considerable difficulty on the beach. The loose volcanic sand was bogging down the wheeled vehicles, the surf was causing a considerable number of landing craft to broach, and the steep terraces were impeding movement from the beaches. Enemy artillery and mortar fire blanketed the entire beach area and extensive mine fields were taking a heavy toll.

In spite of these difficulties, reserves and initial supplies continued to pour ashore. Tanks were coming in by 0930.

Landing Team 3/28 in division reserve was released to CT 28 at 1041, and landed at 1215. Landing Team 1/26 in division reserve was ashore by 1445 and was soon released to CT 27 to fill in a gap between the right flank of CT 27 and the Fourth Division. The remainder of CT 26 was soon released to the Fifth Division by Corps orders and was ashore

1732. During the afternoon the artillery of the 13th Marines, the remainder of the 5th Tank Battalion, the shore and beach parties, and the division advance command post, landed and began operations. By the end of the day, all the main elements of the Fifth Division were ashore. After cutting the island in two the assault regiments had wheeled to the north and south, the 27th Marines moving northward while the 28th Marines attacked to the south against Mount Suribachi.

On February 20 (D+1) the Fifth Division resumed its two-pronged attack, CT 28 toward the south against Mount Suribachi and CT 27 toward the north and Airfield No. 1. Combat Team 26 remained in division reserve. The attack against Mount Suribachi was made with LTs 2/28 and 3/28, left to right, with LT 1/28 in reserve. The attacking units met heavy fire from pillboxes and emplacements at the base of the mountain and from caves dug into the cliffs.

**T**HE attack on Suribachi was designed to surround the base while maintaining a steady pressure on all located enemy positions in the cliffs, and to locate a route up to the summit. Progress was slow and costly, and at the end of the day only minor gains had been made by the 28th Marines. However, numerous enemy fortifications were destroyed.

On the Fifth Division's northern front CT 27 was able to make some progress, although enemy opposition was heavy. Landing Team 1/26 was attached to CT 27 and was used on the left flank of LT 3/27. The assault, spearheaded by tanks, moved into that portion of Airfield No. 1 that lay in the division's zone of action, an advance of approximately 800 yards.

Enemy artillery and mortar fire continued to fall on the beaches, and casualties mounted. The beach line was littered with broached and wrecked landing craft, and the loose sand continued to pose a problem in the delivery of supplies ashore. Green Beach 1 was impassable except for LVTs. In spite of these difficulties, the shore and beach parties somehow delivered the goods.

At 0845 on February 21, CT 28 continued its drive on Mount Suribachi and again progress was slow in the face of determined enemy resistance. Concealed Japanese positions were captured in hand-to-hand combat and with the assistance of flame throwers and demolition squads. By nightfall, CT 28 had reached the base of the mountain, where it dug in for the night.

Meanwhile, CT 27 was also encountering stiff enemy resistance in its drive northward. Casualties were heavy, especially in the area of LT 1/26. With the assistance of tanks, an advance of approximately 900 yards was made during the day.

At daylight on February 22, CT 26 passed through the 27th Marines and launched an attack with its three battalions abreast. Japanese fire from a strong position on the right flank slowed the regiment's advance to such extent that it became necessary to direct its assault into the Fourth Division zone in order to silence the enemy weapons. After an ad-





Marines from the Fifth Division "cover" as a tank rumbles forward on then-seething isle of Iwo Jima

vance of several hundred yards, CT 26 was again subjected to enfilade fire and was forced to withdraw to its original position.

Meanwhile, CT 28, in the southern sector, was working its way around the base of Suribachi. Due to the nature of the terrain, it was not feasible to use support fires to any extent. Thus the fighting was in the nature of a direct assault on Japanese fortifications by small units of riflemen. At the end of the day, Suribachi had been surrounded except for a 400-yard stretch on the west coast, and patrols had reconnoitered for routes up the cliffs to the top of the crater. Gunfire and aerial bombardment had destroyed the few previously existing trails.

After a careful survey of the situation it was decided to send a patrol up the northern face of Suribachi on the morning of February 23. At 0900, LT 2/28 was ordered to secure and occupy the top of the mountain. In the meantime, one company of LT 1/28 passed through the right company of LT 3/28 and the remaining company of LT 3/28 was attached to LT 1/28 in the attack around the base of the mountain. Due to the extremely difficult terrain conditions it was impossible to scale the mountain in LT 1/28's zone of action.

By carefully choosing its route, a patrol from E Company of LT 2/28 was able to climb to the rim of the crater without the use of special scaling equipment. Our men, led by Platoon Sergeant Ernst I. Thomas, Jr. (killed in action on March 3, 1945), reached the top of Suribachi and planted a small flag (54 in. by 28 in.) on the northeast rim of the crater at about 1020. Sgt. Thomas's advance party was followed by the remainder of the 40-man

patrol from E Company, led by First Lieutenant Harold G. Schrier, executive officer of the company.

A large flag (eight feet by four feet, eight inches) was procured from LST 779, and later this flag, made famous by the photograph taken by Joe Rosenthal of the Associated Press, was flying above the smoke of battle. Carrying the label, "U. S. Ensign No. 7, Mare Island, October, 1943," it had been obtained by Lieutenant Allan S. Wood, communications officer of LST 779, at a salvage depot at Pearl Harbor a short while before the ship left for Iwo Jima. Lt. Wood said the flag possibly came from an old decommissioned ship because he found it neatly folded in a duffle bag along with some old ships' signal flags.

Two Marines who participated in the flag-raising said later the staff used was a piece of Japanese pipe, 12 to 15 feet long, that was picked up about 30 feet from the spot where the flag was raised. The six men shown in the Rosenthal photograph are Sergeant Michael Strank (USMC); Sergeant Henry O. Hansen (USMC); Pharmacist Mate 2/c John H. Bradley (USN); PFC Franklin R. Sousley (USMC); PFC Rene A. Gagnon (USMC); and PFC Ira Hayes (USMC). PhM Bradley was wounded a few days later; Sgts. Strank and Hansen, and PFC Sousley were killed in the mopping up operations.

After securing the top of Suribachi the 28th Marines was placed in Fifth Corps reserve, and was maintained in the Suribachi area until February 28, mopping up and picking off Japanese who succeeded in digging themselves out of caves during darkness. Infantry, with engineers attached, continued to close caves and destroy remaining enemy snipers. These activities, together with night infiltration attempts, caused some casualties to our troops, but the caves of Mount Suribachi no longer provided artillery positions for the enemy nor did its summit serve as an enemy observation post.

By February 24 over 600 dead Japanese had been counted on the rugged slopes of Suribachi and it was estimated that perhaps 1000 additional enemy soldiers had been sealed in caves. Altogether, engineers sealed 180 caves and cave entrances in the Suribachi area, and infantry and demolition teams destroyed more than 200 Japanese installations. By February 26 the Mount Suribachi area was considered secure.

In the northern sector CT 26, with LT 2/27 still attached, continued its efforts to drive ahead through the formidable obstacles of terrain and the heavy enemy fire. In an attempt to knock out the enemy positions that, just beyond Airfield No. 1, had been holding up the advance, a heavy preparation was laid down on February 24 by artillery, naval gunfire, and planes, and the tanks of all three divisions were concentrated for a coordinated drive. Assisted by this spearhead, CT 21 in the Fourth Division zone of action was able to move forward abreast of CT 26 by noon of February 24. A second barrage was then laid down on the same targets by all available artillery, planes, rockets, and naval gunfire. Under cover of this heavy preparation, CT 26 advanced slowly forward, still under heavy fire from Japanese in the well-entrenched cave positions on the right flank.

In spite of the heavy shelling, the skill with which the Japanese defenses had been prepared made possible a continuation of the enemy's very effective resistance. The pillboxes were constructed deep into the ground, often with a number of levels and inner connecting tunnels.

When a barrage was laid down on one of the positions, the defenders merely retired to the depths of their emplacement and sat tight. When the bombardment ceased, the enemy troops remanned their weapons and when the Marines advanced, opened up with heavy fire. When one position was assaulted the Japanese would move to another position on the flank where they would open up with a deadly surprise fire.

In spite of this stubborn resistance, CT 26 managed to make a gain of approximately 500 yards on February 24. By this time, the massed fires laid down by the Marine Corps artillery were proving their value and their accuracy had been greatly increased by observation posts that had been set up on newly-won Mount Suribachi.

**T**HE next day — February 25 — was a quiet one for the Fifth Division. Combat Team 26 remained in position waiting for Third Division elements on its right flank to draw abreast. Combat Team 27 was now in division reserve while CT 28 remained in its assignment as Corps reserve.

On February 26, after a heavy preparatory barrage, CT 26 (LT 2/27 attached) jumped off to resume the drive northward. The rugged terrain was generally unsuitable for tanks, although flame thrower tanks were used with good results against some enemy cave positions.

Throughout the day heavy artillery and mortar fire was received from enemy positions on the high ground to the north. Our counter-battery fire, using high explosives, time fire, and white phosphorus simultaneously, was successful in knocking out a number of the Japanese guns. By nightfall, the center units of CT 26 had advanced about 300 yards ahead of the flank elements with the result that the regimental line was echeloned to the rear on both sides. By this time the Fifth Division's casualties had mounted to 3518, while Japanese losses to the division totaled 2663 dead, and five prisoners.

At 0630 on February 27, CT 27 (LT 1/26 attached) relieved CT 26 in the line and, following an artillery preparation, resumed the attack at 0800, with three battalions abreast. The cliff on the high ground running up from the westward beaches was studded with caves and emplacements concealing many mortars and machine guns. Again it was impossible to make adequate use of tanks because of the difficult terrain and the fact that the few available routes were heavily mined.

By February 27, conditions in the rear areas had improved and supplies were moving up in a steady stream. Snipers were being mopped up by patrols, and the rebuilding of Airfield No. 1 was under way. At 1330, the commanding officer of VMO 5 landed his OY-1 plane on the first airfield and began preparations for bringing in the remainder of the squadron and providing aerial observation for the Fifth Division.



Marines hug Iwo's black volcanic sand as mortar shells burst all around during the initial fighting on the tiny island. Note the beach debris



Marines of the Fifth Phib Corps look on interestedly as their ship edges cautiously into the de-fanged harbor at Sasebo, Kyushu, Japan

## FIFTH DIVISION (Continued)



PFC Don Hamilton and PFC Harley R. Welch stand guard duty at Sasebo's bombproof "nerve center"

sion artillery. The plane was launched from an LST at sea.

On February 28, following a 45-minute preparation by artillery, naval gunfire, air attack and rockets, CT 27 launched an attack at 0815 to secure an intermediate objective which included Hill 362. Although the assault was spearheaded by tanks, progress was very slow, due primarily to the necessity of reducing each cave and covered emplacement before any substantial progress could be made.

On Hill 362 and in the adjoining areas the attack of CT 27 was now up against the backbone of the enemy's cross-island defensive position in the Fifth Division zone of action. Hill 362, although only 362 feet high, was rugged and rocky and dotted with many caves. The hill provided excellent enemy observation of the entire western side of the island.

In addition to the enemy resistance from caves and pillboxes, Fifth Division units were faced with flanking fire from the right. The Japanese had apparently one or more gun positions on one of the

two rocks, Kama and Kangoku, that lay about 600 yards off the west coast. Steady pressure and intense fire were maintained against Hill 362, but the enemy put up a bitter and determined defense, making no withdrawal, but leaving each man to be killed in his position or, if by-passed, to become a sniper in the rear of our lines. Time and again elements of CT 27 managed to climb part way up the hill, only to be wiped out or driven off.

By 1700 on February 28, the crest of Hill 362 had been taken, but it was not entirely secure.

At 0830 on March 1, CT 28 (LT 3 26 attached) relieved CT 27, and 20 minutes later, following an artillery preparation, it attacked with three battalions abreast. The attack moved slowly ahead and by 1030, Landing Teams 1 28 and 2 28 had completely occupied 362 and the ridge line running east and west, but were unable to negotiate the steep cliff on the north side because of heavy machine gun and mortar fire. Artillery, mortar and rockets were concentrated in front of the hill, but with little effect. One company of LT 3/26 was brought up in the afternoon to fill the gap then existing between the Fifth Division's right flank and the Third Marine Division. At the end of the day's operations, Hill 362 was firmly in our hands, but our troops were constantly under a heavy artillery and mortar fire.

The next major objective was Nishi Ridge. At 0800, March 2, CT 28, LT 3/27 and the 5th Tank Battalion attached, jumped off with three battalions abreast in an attempt to take the ridge running east from Nishi. Landing Team 3/26, on the right of CT 28, attacked in conjunction with CT 28. Between 1000 and 1400, two companies of LT 2/26 were committed to action to maintain contact between LT 3 26 and CT 28. At about 1400, LT 2/26 was ordered to move to the right flank to relieve Third Division elements in the Fifth Division zone of action and tie in with the right flank of LT 3 26.

The scheme of maneuver was for LTs 1 28 and 2 28 to attack along the right and left sides of Hill 362 and join on the north side. Landing Team 3 28 was to continue up the west coast on the left of LT 2 28. Landing Team 2 28 sustained very heavy casualties while crossing the open field in front of Hill 362.

At 0730, March 3, the Fifth Division attacked with CTs 28 and 26 abreast, left to right. Positions were consolidated at 1700, although CT 26 was still engaged in furious hand-to-hand fighting for possession of Hill 362-B. At the end of the day all elements were engaged in close-quarter fighting. Landing Team 1 26 was engaged with an active enemy force throughout the night of March 3-4 in grenade exchanges and very close-quarter fighting. The attack was continued at 0730, March 4, but gains during the day were negligible.

March 5 was devoted to reorganizing and improving positions and mopping up rear areas. On March 6 the Fifth Division resumed the attack. The Japanese poured heavy rifle, machine gun, and mortar fire, and phosphorus shells into the advancing units. Jagged rock and open country made tank support impossible and reduced the effectiveness of artillery support.

On March 7, three regiments attacked abreast, the 28th, 26th, and 27th Marines, left to right. CT 28 advanced rapidly against moderate small arms and machine gun fire, capturing Hill 215, located about 850 yards north of Hill 362. CT 27 (less 3rd Battalion) made limited gains, although the shore line on the northeast coast was within sight of LT 2 27.

The attack was resumed at 0750, March 8, with the main effort on the right in the zone of CT 27. In a battle against terrain as well as Japanese, CT 28 advanced approximately 300 yards. Enemy resistance from cave positions was strong and the rocky-edged reverse slopes were defended equally as well as the forward slopes. CT 26 estimated that in its advance to the north as many Japanese were by-passed as were killed.

Along the west coast, the all but impassable terrain, together with active enemy opposition, limited the advance of CT 28 on March 9. The attack by LT 2 27 against one of the strongest points of the island resulted in a furious battle at close range. Resistance on the division's left flank in the zone of action of CT 28 was light, on the tenth, until the advancing units came under fire from the high ridge running generally southeast from Kitano Point. A deep gorge that ran across 700 yards of the front provided a further obstacle and armored bulldozers were used in an attempt to clear a road for move-

ment of tanks into the front lines. Little advance was made on the rest of the division's front.

At 0830, March 11, the Third and Fourth Divisions, on the right of the Fifth, attacked to seize the remainder of the island in their zones of action. The Fifth attacked with CT 28 and CT 27 abreast. The assault was preceded by a ten-minute preparation fired by 12 battalions of Marine Corps artillery.

CT 28 pushed its front lines to the rim of the rocky gorge to its front, while CT 27 (with LT 1 26 attached), continuing its methodical destruction of enemy caves, was able to make some advance on the right. Heavy casualties resulted from the intense and accurate enemy small-arms fire delivered at close range. The fighting was at such close range that direct artillery and air support could not be used. CT 26 (less LTs 1 26 and 3 26) was in division reserve. One hundred artillerymen received from the 13th Marines were used as infantry replacements in LT 3 28.

The attack met with bitter resistance all along the front as it resumed at 0700 on March 12. All approaches to the rocky gorge in front of CT 28 were swept by heavy enemy fire. Tanks spearheaded the attack of CT 27 (LT 2 26 attached), but progress was slow against the network of pillboxes, spider traps and caves. Very little progress was made again on March 13. Enemy cross fire in the canyon facing CT 28 limited the advance to small gains. On the right, CT 27, spearheaded by flame-thrower tanks, made slow progress.

**T**HE Fifth Division secured its attack at 0630, March 14, with three regiments abreast. The two days of softening up of the enemy's final position had had its effect and an advance had been registered in the center and on the right by CT 26 and CT 27. The key to the enemy defensive position continued to be the rocky gorge, and the strong point in the line on the Fifth Division's right flank.

At 1030 a bombing run was made against targets on the cliff positions just south of Kitano point, wing tanks filled with diesel oil and gasoline being used. Tank-dozer and armored bulldozers were used to prepare tank routes over the almost impassable terrain to firing positions close in front of the lines. This procedure met with considerable success and was used repeatedly in the latter stages of this operation against enemy positions too close in for artillery and naval gunfire support. By the end of the day, CT 27 had advanced 600 yards.

The attack was continued the next day against enemy resistance centered around the strong point on the Fifth Division's right flank. This position, plus the rocky gorge facing CT 28, blunted efforts to by-pass or encircle by advancing the Fifth's right flank.

Close air support and naval gunfire, other than for illumination, were permanently secured because of the irregular trace of front lines, and because of the small area of the island remaining in the hands of the enemy. In this section the terrain was so broken, and contact with strong enemy positions so close, that tank and half-track fire replaced artillery fire as far as daylight close support was concerned. The special flame tanks were particularly effective against enemy pillboxes and cave positions.

At 0815, March 16, the Third Division, which had been fighting up through the center of the island, passed through CT 27, relieving LTs 2 26, 1 27, and 3 27, and attacked on the Fifth Division's right, reaching the north coast at 1350.

At 1800 on March 16, the commanding general of the landing forces reported that organized resistance on Iwo Jima had ceased and that the island was secured, except for the small pocket in the Fifth Division zone of action, and mopping-up operations. But that small pocket was to require another 12 days to eliminate, and the mopping up was to cost the lives of a considerable number of Marines in all three divisions.

After an unsuccessful attempt to induce Colonel Ikeda, commanding officer of the Japanese 145th Infantry Regiment, to surrender, CT 26 (LT 3 28 attached) attacked to the north at 0900 on March 17, against moderate rifle fire. The scheme of maneuver was for CT 26 to maintain contact on the left, but to break through to the north or northwest at any spots that appeared "soft." LT 3 28, in the center of CT 26's zone of action, repulsed a small counterattack at about 1030. By 1232, LT 1 26 had reached the north coast at Kitano Point and had initiated an attack around the point, turning south to the northeast side of the rocky gorge in front of CT 28. During this attack, LT 1 26 cap-



The nerve center's massive steel portals are examined by Leatherneck's Sergeant Fred Bailey



tured Hill 165, located about 230 yards from the northernmost tip of the island.

CT 26 closed in on the remaining enemy from the north and east, forming a pocket of resistance in a rocky, cave-studded gorge of roughly 800 by 200 yards. The Japanese continued to fight fiercely and effectively from their positions in this gorge.

Throughout March 18, flame-thrower tanks and demolition teams were busy slowly but surely destroying the caves in the canyon that ran down to the sea. The enemy continued bitterly and fanatically to resist. By nightfall the gorge was surrounded, but heavy, close-range small arms fire prevented movement down into the enemy position. Enemy resistance was centered around a huge concrete structure near the southeast end of the ravine. The position was covered by small arms fire from near-by caves. Tank fire and demolition charges had little effect on the strong point, and after slow and deliberate destruction of the surrounding position, it was by-passed. At 1300, on March 19, LT 3/27 moved into the southeast end of the gorge and began to push slowly toward the sea. The concrete structure was again subjected to 40-pound shape charges and 75-mm. fire on the 20th, but the effect was negligible. Tank-dozers then moved in and closed the air vents and doors. Although surprisingly few Japanese were seen on March 21, small arms fire continued to be accurate and deadly. Many of the enemy were seen wearing Marine Corps uniforms and using M-1 rifles.

At 1030 the dedication and memorial service of the Fifth Division cemetery was held. The 13th Marines were re-embarked, and the 27th Marines were loading over White Beach.

On March 22, CT 26 (LTs 3/28 and 3/27 attached) continued to attack down the gorge, supported by the fire of CT 28 (less 3/28). The main enemy resistance was now centered on the left, or southwest, bank of the defile. In the late afternoon of March 23, organized enemy resistance appeared to break. CT 28 (LT 3/26 attached) continued the reduction of the small remaining pocket of resistance near the seacoast, and by 1800 one small pocket, about 50 yards square, remained. At 1045 on March 25, CT 28 (LT 3/26 attached) had reached the coastal cliff and by 1800, the Fifth Division area was mopped up.

The enemy made one last gesture of fanatical determination when a Japanese force estimated as 200-strong attacked Army units to the right of the Fifth Division area at about 0500, March 26, and then closed with the 5th Pioneer Battalion. By 0830, 196 Japanese dead were counted. The Fifth Division zone of action was turned over to the Third Marine Division at 0800, March 26. Re-embarkation of CT 28 was completed by 1800 of the same day.

The Fifth Division completed re-embarkation, and sailed on March 27, via Eniwetok, for Hawaii, assembly area for units of the Fifth Amphibious Corps. The division had killed 11,314 Japanese and captured 62, while suffering 2501 dead and missing, and 6218 wounded.

In April detailed plans were made for a Fifth Amphibious Corps landing on Miyako Jima in the northern Ryukyus, as an extension phase of the Okinawa operation. This operation was never executed, and all drafts and accumulated data were turned over to the Third Amphibious Corps. Planning was then initiated for an assault against the Asiatic mainland, on the China coast, in the Chusan Archipelago and the adjoining Ningpo Peninsula. Then on May 28, instructions were received that the China coast landings had been indefinitely deferred. At the same time, a probable Fifth Amphibious Corps readiness date of September 1, 1945 was established for operations in southern Kyushu against the Empire of Japan.

**SIXTH ARMY** headquarters made a tentative decision to land the Fifth Corps in the Kushikino area of the Kagoshima Peninsula rather than astride the Kamino-Kawa. The final plan for the southern Kyushu assault was issued on August 9. The next day the Imperial Japanese Government sued for peace.

During the period from August 10 to 14, some uncertainty prevailed in all headquarters. Assault planning continued. But by August 15, the bona fide nature of Japan's offer had been established, and the Fifth Amphibious Corps was directed to report for planning to the commanding general, Sixth Army, for the occupation of Japan.

The division left Pearl Harbor aboard ship on September 1, en route to Saipan, arriving September 13. Troop training while en route from Pearl

Harbor included: briefing of all personnel on the Sasebo area and instructions for operation ashore; Japanese words and phrases; orientation; and military government.

At dusk, September 16, Fifth Corps Headquarters and the Fifth Division sailed for Japan from Tanapag Harbor, Saipan. It had been exactly seven months before that the Fifth had sailed from the same harbor for Iwo Jima. The division reached Sasebo at 0500 on September 22, and immediately commenced movement into the harbor area.

CT 26 started to land at the Naval Air Station at 0859, and by 1800 on September 23 the entire division was ashore, except for LT 3/26, CT 28, Headquarters, and small service elements. The division was assigned the mission of occupying Sasebo and approaches thereto, and patrolling roads leading into Sasebo.

Marine Corps troops were paid in Bank of Japan yen. This currency was employed in order to prevent inflation. It was issued at the rate of 15 to 1 as the circulating medium for all transactions. Aside from the unfamiliar aspect of the Japanese notes, the only problem the paper presented was that of sheer bulk. Local banks were able to meet Corps fiscal needs without difficulty.

Due to lack of availability of air and surface transport, the OY aircraft of Marine Observation Squadrons Two and Five were invaluable. These light airplanes proved able to overcome the handicaps of impassable terrain and primitive road

the Fifth began embarking for the United States. The last elements left on December 19.

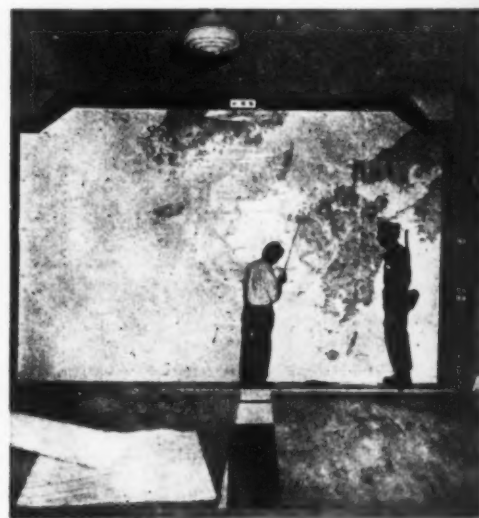
Upon arrival at San Diego, between December 20, 1945, and January 15, 1946, all equipment was turned in to Camp Elliott and the personnel were gradually transferred for separation or reassignment. All units of the division were disbanded during the period from January 10 to 28, 1946, except the Division Headquarters Battalion. When it was disbanded on February 6, 1946, the Fifth Marine Division ceased to exist.

In the meanwhile, Brigadier General Thomas E. Bourke, who had relieved Gen. Rockey on June 25, 1945, was detached on December 16, 1945, and Brigadier General Ray A. Robinson, Assistant Division Commander, succeeded to the command of the division. Gen. Robinson was detached January 12, 1946, and Colonel Harry B. Liversedge assumed command.

The following units received the Presidential Unit Citation for Iwo Jima: 27th Marines (5th Tank Battalion less Company C; 1st Battalion, 26th Marines; Company B, 5th Engineer Battalion; Company B, 5th Medical Battalion; 2nd Platoon, 5th Military Police Company; detachments of 5th JASCO; detachment of 3rd Provisional Rocket Platoon; Forward Observers and Liaison Parties of the 13th Marines; and 1st Section, 6th War Dog Platoon attached) for the period February 19 through 21, 1945. The 28th Marines (Company C, 5th Medical Battalion; 3rd Platoon, 5th Military



A lone Jap sends forth messages from Sasebo's once-buzzing underground radio-monitor room



A Jap explains to a Marine guard how this huge mechanized map was used by his Navy's bigwigs

networks by continually performing staff-liaison, air-evacuation, courier and supply missions.

In the face of the rapid deployment of the Fifth Corps, the Fifth Division suffered partial depletion when, on October 19, the 26th Marines, reinforced, less the 2nd Battalion, was detached on CINCPAC order for garrison duty in the Palaus. By November 30, with the most exacting requirements of the operation completed, the Fifth Division was preparing to embark for return to the United States in mid-December.

Incident to the return of the division to the United States and its relief by the 32nd Army Infantry and Second Marine Division, some 18,000 men were transferred between divisions in order to demobilize the maximum number of individuals so entitled. These transfers were accomplished progressively over a two-week period without interruption of any occupational missions or operations in progress. By November 30, excluding personnel to be returned with the Fifth Division, some 7500 Marine and attached Naval personnel had been returned to the United States for release and discharge.

The first contingent of Fifth Division troops departed for the United States at 1000, December 5, 1945, when elements of the 27th Marines sailed from Sasebo. The 13th Marines sailed on December 7. The Second Marine Division assumed control of the Fifth Marine Division zone of responsibility at 1000, December 8, and the remaining units of

Police Company; detachment of 5th JASCO; Forward Observers and Liaison Parties of the 13th Marines; Detachment 3rd Provisional Rocket Platoon; and Detachment D-2 Section, Fifth Marine Division, attached) received the citation for the period February 19 to 23, 1945.

Lieutenant General Roy S. Geiger, Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, on 10 December 1945, cited the Fifth:

"On the occasion of the prospective separation of the Fifth Marine Division from Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, the Commanding General desires to take this opportunity to extend to the officers and men of the division a 'well-done' for its part in the prosecution of the war against Japan.

"In the Iwo Jima Operation, and in the occupation of the Japanese homeland, the Fifth Marine Division, by its execution of assigned missions, exhibited beyond any doubt that its success was derived from a well-trained, and well-led, professional team.

"The officers and men of the Fifth Marine Division may take pride in the knowledge that they have played an important role in ultimately defeating the enemy.

"The performance of the Fifth Marine Division has been in keeping with the highest traditions of the U. S. Marine Corps and has added laurels to its history."



**BETTY LORRAINE**

*She's won acclaim for her clever tap dancing in the new Broadway revue, "Call Me Mister"*





# CALL ME MISTER

by Corp. Bill Farrell  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

**A** GREAT many people are busily exposing defects of military life, and it's all pretty gloomy, with one delightful exception. The exception is a show bearing the attractive title "Call Me Mister," and containing a cast of very amusing people. All the men in the show are recently discharged servicemen, while the girls did their bit by entertaining at USO shows, canteens, and so forth.

The producers — Melvyn Douglas, former Army lieutenant colonel and movie star, and Herman Levin, a New York lawyer with theatrical leanings — have gone to some pains to assure us that their offering is not intended to do anything but entertain as many people as possible, and "make some money." We don't know anything about money, naturally, but we do know what we like. We like "Call Me Mister."

It's funny! Take a look at Betty Garrett, as she sings about the samba, rumba, and other South American dances that keep her swivel swinging overtime. Illustrating what she means, Betty complains that the Latin rhythms are wearing her out. She's exhausted from shaking her Pan-American cancan. And not only that, but "all this fancy drummin' is numbin' my plumbin'!" says she. This

The Army Air Corps, seen through the movie-starry eyes of one foot soldier





You can almost feel yourself travel as Lawrence Winter, sixth from right, sings "This Is A Goin'-Home Train." The other ex-servicemen form a musical background

## This show's a war baby—the people love it



Chandler Cowles, Jules Munshin and Harry Clark in the saga of a fellow who used to be a jerk



Betty Garrett's anti-rumba stand is aided by Messrs. Manson, Cowles, George Hall, and Clark



After 42 months in the Army, Munshin's back and Maria Karnilova has got him by the blouse



Bill Callahan served in the Merchant Marine. He sings the show's title song, "Call Me Mister"



Long sea duty didn't spoil Malone's dancing. The girl is Betty Lorraine

sort of thing can be more than human flesh can bear.

Then there's Howard Malone, formerly of Dallas, Tex., and more recently of the Marine Corps, the Marcus Islands, Bougainville, and Tarawa. He and Betty sing a number which gives thanks that, while so many things change, love is much the same as always, and the best things, like dancing, still are done face to face. Malone dances, too, having picked up a career he left off while earning 139 discharge points aboard the *USS Mobile*, as corporal in charge of a 20-mm. gun.

There are a lot of very funny men in the show, but one seems to stand out even in that comical company. He's Jules Munshin, who spent three and a half years in Army uniform. He's the fellow wearing blues, which he dons to sing a song celebrating the fact that a certain character was a jerk before entering the Army. This fellow, the song relates, has now been exposed to the searing flame of battle, which has had the effect of leaving him still a jerk.

One of the funniest scenes depicts a ground soldier's conception of life in the Army Air Corps. This shows a group of fliers—all colonels, of course—toasting the blue lady of the skies, and finicking over which medals to add to their huge collections.

They finally settle on two: the Good Posture Medal, and the Medal You Get for Remembering to Wear All Your Other Medals.

END



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*pipe tobacco at its best.* Buy  
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# WOLVES' GALLERY



**The "Just A Boy" Type.** And very effective, too. Don't be confused by the straw in his hair; the kid's smart. That wide, bright smile, for instance. Pigeons coo over it. Such useful smiles, of course, aren't generally found on guys who ignore "pink tooth brush." So if your tooth brush "shows pink," see the dentist. Today's soft foods may be robbing your gums of exercise, and he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



**The "I-Can-Do-Big-Things-For-You-Baby" Type.** The dolls don't take in much of this stuff... but that sparkler he wears for a smile does wonders. Thing is, the boy knows about Ipana. Knows that Ipana, with massage, is specially designed to help gums as well as clean teeth. Try massaging a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself (as he does) to healthier gums... and sounder, brighter teeth. S'all, Brother. Try Ipana.



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## REDISK (continued from page 15)

One of the most remarkable performances turned in during the Eastern competition was that of Gunnery Sergeant Louis Duncan. The gunny was liberated from a Jap prison camp last year, and after a rehabilitation leave, he reported for duty at Quantico. He was just in time for the preliminary rifle matches. He had never fired the M-1. After qualifying in the preliminaries he went on to win a silver medal with a 537 score. Then he took a bronze medal in the pistol matches.

Lieutenant Colonel Mercade A. Cramer of Camp Lejeune captured top score in the pistol shooting with a 547. He was followed by Commissioned Warrant Officer Charles A. Brown of Quantico, with a 535. Both of these men are distinguished. First gold medal went to Gunnery Sergeant Fred H. Butcher, Jr., of Quantico. Other gold medal winners included Lieutenant Robert C. McIntyre; Gunnery Sergeant Percy W. Hawes; and Gunnery Sergeant Raymond Becker. All but Hawes, who represented Camp Lejeune, are from Quantico.

Below is a list of the results of Marine Corps rifle and pistol competition and the results of each divisional match. The men are listed in the order they finished in the various matches, with their scores and medals won. Distinguished rifle and pistol shots, since they cannot win a medal, are placed in the order they finished in the match, with the abbreviation "Dist." after their names.

The results of the Elliott Trophy and San Diego matches are also given along with the aggregate score each team made.

### MARINE CORPS RIFLE FINALS

GySgt. T. F. Wade, Western, 557, Dist.; Capt. C. L. Floyd, Southeastern, 557, Dist.; GySgt. J. K. Marshall, Western, 554, 1st gold; 1st Lt. H. E. Leland, Jr., Eastern, 554, (score only); GySgt. E. L. Hesson, Pacific, 552, 2nd gold; WO C. R. Guilbeau, Pacific, 552, Dist.; GySgt. J. P. West, Pacific, 551, 3rd gold.

CWO E. W. Orr, Pacific, 549, Dist.; MGySgt. E. A. O'Connor, Eastern, 548, Dist.; GySgt. H. A. Sheckler, Pacific, 547, 1st silver; MGySgt. H. A. Barrett, Southeastern, 546, Dist.; PlSgt. H. B. Dickerson, Jr., Southeastern, 545, 2nd silver; 1st Lt. E. E. Burt, Pacific, 545, silver; 1st Lt. E. J. Pierson, Western, 544, silver; 1st Lt. V. F. Brown, Western, 543, Dist.; Capt. H. C. Borth, Western, 543, silver; StfSgt. L. E. Sellers, Eastern, 542, 3rd silver; 1st Lt. G. Kross, Eastern, 542, Dist.; GySgt. R. F. Rice, Eastern, 542, 4th silver; Maj. F. B. Nihart, Pacific, 541 (score only); CWO F. W. Huppert, Eastern, 541, silver; GySgt. P. W. Hawes, Eastern, 541, 5th silver; MGySgt. W. J. Jacisin, Pacific, 540, 6th silver; Sgt. J. G. Jones, Pacific, 540, Dist.

PFC R. V. Myers, Eastern, 540, 1st bronze; PFC D. W. Archambeau, Pacific, 540, 2nd bronze; CWO A. M. Brannock, Eastern, 540, bronze; Sgt. Maj. A. A. Steriti, Eastern, 540, 3rd bronze; 1st Sgt. R. Muckleroy, Pacific, 539, 4th bronze; GySgt. C. K. Land, Western, 539, 5th bronze; Sgt. C. B. Fulton, Pacific, 539, 6th bronze; GySgt. O. T. Bowen, Jr., Western, 539, 7th bronze; WO H. B. Horn, Pacific, 539, Dist.; CWO A. B. Lawrence, Pacific, 536, Dist.; 2nd Lt. D. E. Keown, Western, 536, bronze; PFC D. D. Woodrum, Pacific, 535, 8th bronze; Sgt. C. N. Brostrom, Pacific, 535, 9th bronze; TSgt. R. Sourkasian, Eastern, 535, 10th bronze.

### MARINE CORPS PISTOL FINALS

Results of Marine Corps pistol competition: Maj. W. R. Walsh, Eastern, 553, Dist.; Lt. Col. N. J. Rodeheffer, Eastern, 545, Dist.; GySgt. W. L. Devine, Eastern, 537, 1st gold; MGySgt. M. G. Belovich, Western, 536, Dist.; 1st Lt. R. C. McIntyre, Eastern, 534, gold; Sgt. Maj. W. E. Fletcher, Pacific, 534, Dist.; 1st Sgt. V. Perna, Southeastern, 532, Dist.; GySgt. T. F. Wade, Western, 531, 2nd gold; CWO C. A. Brown, Eastern, 531, Dist.; Lt. Col. M. A. Cramer, Eastern, 530, Dist.

Corp. J. E. Johnson, Pacific, 529, 1st silver; GySgt. P. W. Hawes, Eastern, 527, Dist.; GySgt. P. R. Thorstad, Pacific, 526, 2nd silver; GySgt. F. H. Butcher, Jr., Eastern, 525, 3rd silver.

Maj. F. B. Nihart, Pacific, 523, bronze; 1st Lt. V. F. Brown, Western, 522, Dist.; Sgt. J. G. Jones, Pacific, 519, Dist.; MGySgt. R. H. Hagan, Eastern, 514, (score only); Corp. L. F. Priseler, Pacific, 513, 1st bronze; 1st Sgt. C. L. Propst, Eastern, 513, Dist.; GySgt. R. R. Becker, Eastern, 513, 2nd bronze; Lt. Col. R. D. Moser, Pacific, 512, bronze;



CWO N. R. Clark, Pacific, 512, Dist.; WO G. E. Anderson, Pacific, 511, bronze; PlSgt. J. E. Hughes, Pacific, 510, 3rd bronze; PFC C. P. Wetzel, Western, 510, 4th bronze; Capt. C. L. Floyd, Eastern, 510, (score only); GySgt. J. Little, Western, 509, 5th bronze; MGySgt. H. A. Barrett, Southeastern, 509, Dist.

#### ELLIOTT TROPHY RESULTS

Results of the Elliott Trophy Match were as follows: Parris Island, 1096; Quantico, 1096; Camp Lejeune, 1086; Cherry Point, 1069; Balboa, C. Z., 1060; Norfolk, 1055; Boston, 1054; Philadelphia, DOS, 1050; Washington, D. C., MB, 1043; Washington, D. C., Navy Yard, 1043; Philadelphia, NavShipYd, 1041; Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, 1037; New York, 1032; Portsmouth, 987.

#### PACIFIC RIFLE RESULTS

Results of the Pacific Division rifle matches were as follows: PFC J. W. Dempsey, 555, gold; Sgt. J. G. Jones, 554, Dist.; 1st Sgt. V. F. Miller, 554, gold; Sgt. A. W. Schlegel, 552, gold; WO C. R. Gilbeau, 550, Dist.; WO H. B. Horn, 549, gold; WO G. E. Anderson, 548, gold; 1st Sgt. R. Muckleroy, 548; gold; CWO N. R. Clark, 545, gold; Sgt. C. B. Fulton, 545, gold; 1st Lt. B. G. Lee, 544, gold; Lt. D. G. Reid, 544, gold; CWO E. W. Orr, 543, Dis.; PlSgt. R. D. Burks, 543, gold; 1st 1st Lt. W. Hoyt, Jr., 542, gold; 2nd Lt. M. B. Weir, 542, gold; PFC J. W. Corbin, Jr., 541, gold; CWO A. B. Lawrence, 541, Dist.; PFC G. R. Van Oster, 540, gold.

GySgt. H. A. Sheckler, 540, silver; Sgt. Maj. W. E. Fletcher, 540, silver; Pvt. Oscar N. Hagen, 539, silver; PFC F. C. Preston, 539, silver; Pvt. D. G. Tutt, 538, silver; TSgt. B. T. Lipinski, 538, silver; PlSgt. J. E. Hughes, 536, silver; 2nd Lt. J. D. Suttle, 536, silver; PFC S. F. Strand, 536, silver; GySgt. E. L. Hesson, 535, silver; Corp. C. C. Pinckney, 535, silver; PFC W. H. Pratt, 535, silver; PFC L. V. Wilson, 535, silver; 1st Lt. G. G. Lancaster, 534, silver; 1st Sgt. E. Dabrowski, 534, silver; Pvt. C. R. Knapp, 534, silver; 1st Lt. E. E. Burt, 534, silver; WO J. G. Navolanic, 534, silver; StfSgt. E. G. Gardner, 533, silver; Pvt. F. J. Kimball, 533, silver.

GySgt. J. P. West, 533, bronze; Pvt. J. J. Rhodes, 533, bronze; 2nd Lt. P. O. Pettigrew, 532, bronze; GySgt. J. E. Liggett, 532, bronze; PFC J. D. Songer, 531, bronze; Sgt. D. P. Bates, 531, bronze; CWO C. F. Moleski, 532, bronze; Sgt. C. M. Brostrom, Jr., 531, bronze; Pvt. D. W. Archambeau, 531, bronze; Sgt. J. G. Nagy, 531, bronze; 1st Lt. C. L. Ferguson, 531, bronze; CWO G. R. McLeod, 531, bronze; PFC D. E. Erps, 530, bronze; PFC D. D. Woodrum, 530, bronze; PFC W. S. Lunn, 529, bronze; PFC R. T. Lorenz, 529, bronze; PFC G. B. Jagla, 529, bronze; GySgt. C. A. Huff, 529, bronze; Corp. L. F. Priseler, 529, bronze; PFC M. Rognlie, 529, bronze; PFC N. A. Kluwe, 529, bronze; PFC H. E. Nunally, 529, bronze; TSgt. T. B. Heiser, 529, bronze; MGySgt. W. J. Jacisin, 528, bronze; CWO H. Cleghorne, 528, bronze; PFC W. E. England, 528, bronze; Sgt. W. T. Allen, 528, bronze; Sgt. J. H. Blount, Jr., 528 bronze; PFC E. J. Stefancici, 527, bronze.

#### PACIFIC PISTOL RESULTS

The results of Pacific Division pistol competition were as follows: CWO E. V. Seeser, 532, Dist.; Lt. Col. R. D. Moser, 526, gold; 2nd Lt. V. Boyle, 522, Dist.; Sgt. J. G. Jones, 520, Dist.; Corp. L. F. Priseler, 517, gold; Maj. W. R. Walsh, 508, Dist.; Sgt. A. W. Schlegel, 504, gold; CWO N. R. Clark, 497, Dist.

MGySgt. W. J. Jacisin, 496, silver; CWO A. B. Lawrence, 493, Dist.; Sgt. Maj. W. E. Fletcher, 492, Dist.; WO G. E. Anderson, 490, silver; Corp. J. E. Johnson, 490, silver; Sgt. G. C. Graves, 489, silver; StfSgt. D. J. Clemont, 482, silver.

Maj. F. B. Nihart, 481, bronze; WO H. B. Horn, 479, bronze; Corp. J. E. Berbesque, 479, bronze; GySgt. J. P. West, 479, bronze; 1st Sgt. V. F. Miller, 474, bronze; GySgt. P. R. Thorstad, 473, bronze; PlSgt. A. J. Redmond, 472, bronze; CWO E. W. Orr, 471, Dist.; PlSgt. J. E. Hughes, 469, bronze; MGySgt. R. W. Thelen, 467, bronze.

#### WESTERN RIFLE RESULTS

Results of Western Division rifle competition were as follows: GySgt. J. K. Marshall, 556, gold; GySgt. L. A. Fields, 551, gold; GySgt. J. Little, 550, gold.

GySgt. L. M. Brandon, 548, silver; Capt. R. O. DeLaHunt, 548, silver; CWO R. E. De La Hunt, 548, Dist.; MGySgt. R. M. Shaw, 548, silver; GySgt. O. L. Shipley, 547, silver; 1st Lt. E. J. Pierson, 547, silver; Capt. W. F. Trax, 547, silver; GySgt. O. T. Bowen, 546, silver; 2nd Lt. L. M. Patterson, 545, silver; 1st Sgt. L. E. Painter, 543, silver.

GySgt. M. R. Beebe, 543, bronze; GySgt. C. K. Land, 543, bronze; 2nd Lt. D. E. Keown, 542, bronze; Corp. J. A. Cima, 542, bronze; PFC J. C. Snodgrass, 542, bronze; Capt. H. C.

TURN PAGE

## Pfc. Casanova-



**G**UYS WITH birds' nest hairdos may get attention from a few nearsighted robins... but none from babes. Keep the birds out of your hair and the babes in it... with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."

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## REDISK (continued)

Berth, 540, bronze; PFC R. J. Gainer, 540, bronze; GySgt. P. H. Falgout, 539, bronze; Pvt. A. L. Butcher, Jr., 538, bronze; PFC L. A. Yuhas, 537, bronze; MGySgt. D. G. McAllister, 537, bronze.

## WESTERN PISTOL RESULTS

Results of the Western Division pistol competition were as follows: WO F. J. Bergman, 540, Dist.; MGySgt. M. G. Belovich, 532, Dist.; GySgt. J. Little, 530, gold; 1st Lt. Victor F. Brown, 526, Dist.; Lt. Col. E. L. Hamilton, 523, Dist.; Capt. R. O. De La Hunt, 518, Dist.

WO A. J. Sealey, 518, silver; GySgt. T. F. Wade, 513, silver; PFC C. P. Wetzel, 512, silver; CWO M. A. Pope, 512, Dist.

PFC Thomas B. Lane, 511, bronze; GySgt. W. R. Baker, 511, bronze; GySgt. L. O. Manzerol, 509, bronze; 2nd Lt. D. E. Keown, 508, bronze; 1st Sgt. L. E. Painter, 506, bronze.

## SAN DIEGO TROPHY RESULTS

Results of the San Diego Trophy were as follows: Service Command, FMF, 1102; Camp Pendleton, 1099; Marine Corps Base, 1093; Aircraft, FMF, 1092; Mare Island, 1088; Force Troops, FMF, 1088; Second Marine Division, 1088; First Marine Division, 1085; Bremerton, 1078; Marine Garrison Forces, 1061; Sixth Marine Division, 1058.

## SOUTHEASTERN RIFLE RESULTS

Results of the Southeastern Division rifle competition were as follows: Capt. C. L. Floyd, Jr., 545, Dist.; PlSgt. H. B. Dickerson, Jr., 533, gold; GySgt. H. M. Simmons, 532, silver; GySgt. W. J. Adams, 527, silver; MGySgt. H. A. Barrett, 525, Dist.

GySgt. A. E. Snyder, 523, bronze; Corp. H. O. Hakanson, 517, bronze; Pvt. D. E. Wack, 516, bronze; 1st Sgt. V. Perna, 515, Dist.; PFC J. O. Hall, Sr., 515, bronze.

## SOUTHEASTERN PISTOL RESULTS

Results of Southeastern Division pistol competitions were as follows: 1st Sgt. V. Perna, 525, Dist.; MGySgt. H. A. Barrett, 515, gold; 1st Sgt. M. F. Humphrey, 488, silver; MGySgt. F. A. Bettis, 483, bronze.

## EASTERN RIFLE RESULTS

The results of the Eastern Division rifle competition were as follows: GySgt. R. F. Rice, 552, gold; MGySgt. E. A. O'Connor, 552, gold; 1st Lt. G. Kross, 550, Dist.; 1st Sgt. C. L. Propst, 547, Dist.; PlSgt. W. J. Dynes, 540, gold; CWO A. Thomas, 540, gold; StfSgt. L. E. Sellers, 540, gold.

2nd Lt. R. B. Spicer, 538, silver; 1st Lt. R. G. McIntyre, 538, silver; PFC H. Whittington, 538, silver; CWO R. D. Chaney, 537, Dist.; GySgt. L. E. Duncan, 537, silver; GySgt. P. W. Hawes, 537, silver; Sgt. Maj. F. L. Gross, 536, Dist.; Sgt. Maj. A. A. Steriti, 536, silver; PlSgt. C. H. Walker, 535, silver; CWO F. W. Huppert, Jr., 535, silver; PFC F. M. Salada, 534, silver; Capt. J. K. Young, 533, silver; PFC H. C. Cobb, 532, silver.

PFC R. V. Myers, 531, bronze; CWO A. M. Brannock, 531, bronze; MGySgt. R. H. Hagan, 530, Dist.; FM1-c D. K. Woodard, 530, bronze; PFC W. F. Shafer, 530, bronze; Sgt. Maj. G. F. Cade, 530, Dist.; CWO J. R. McBee, 529, bronze; Sgt. Maj. G. W. Howe, 528, Dist.; Capt. J. C. Schwalke, 528, bronze; TSgt. R. Sourkasana, 527, bronze; Sgt. A. N. Allen, 527, bronze; PFC E. G. Sullenberger, 525, bronze; Lt. Col. N. J. Rodeheffer, 525, bronze; MGySgt. J. A. Luko, 525, bronze; Sgt. J. R. Kunath, 525, bronze; PlSgt. L. Deusin, 525, bronze; Sgt. C. J. Buck, 524, bronze; WO T. L. Curtis, 524, bronze; Pvt. L. M. Stritzinger, 524, bronze.

## EASTERN PISTOL RESULTS

Results of Eastern Division pistol competition were as follows: Lt. Col. M. A. Cramer, 547, Dist.; CWO C. A. Brown, 535, Dist.; GySgt. F. H. Butcher, Jr., 532, gold; 1st Lt. R. C. McIntyre, 532, gold; GySgt. P. W. Hawes, 529, gold; GySgt. R. R. Becker, 528, gold; Lt. Col. N. J. Rodeheffer, 521, Dist.

CWO J. R. McBee, 520, silver; PFC H. C. Cobb, 515, silver; CWO A. M. Brannock, 514, silver; GySgt. W. L. Devine, 508, silver; CWO R. Chaney, 508, Dist.; CWO F. W. Huppert, Jr., 506, silver; GySgt. R. F. Rice, 505, Dist.; MGySgt. W. G. Mathews, 505, silver.

Col. David M. Shoup, 503, bronze; Maj. R. G. Sauls, III, 502, bronze; TSgt. R. I. Birdsong, 501, bronze; 1st Sgt. C. L. Propst, 498, Dist.; MGySgt. R. L. Higginbotham, 497, bronze; GySgt. L. E. Duncan, 496, bronze; PFC C. J. Reeder, 495, bronze; Sgt. A. N. Allen, 495, bronze; Maj. C. C. Chamberlain, 493, bronze; 1st Lt. G. Kross, 492, bronze; Sgt. Maj. A. A. Steriti, 491, bronze.

END



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EVER  
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SHINE  
LIKE  
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# SOUVENIR MURDER CASE (continued from page 29)



"Russ got Ellen and they took their usual Sunday afternoon stroll along the river. He gave her the dope on Sergeant Snyder . . ."

"That's a good reason to trust him," Russ said. "But I have a better one."

"Such as?"

"I think I know who did kill Grace."

"You do Well, *tell* me. Don't just stand there!"

"Tech. Sgt. James Banion."

"Her husband? But no one even saw him on this post. What makes you think so?"

"That's just it. A soldier would stand out like a lighthouse among all these Marines. But he doesn't have to wear his uniform."

"That's right. I never thought of that."

"You service people just can't think of a serviceman in civilian clothes, can you? It's been a long war."

"But regulations. . . ."

"I know. The uniform must be worn. But maybe Banion already was discharged. Or if he wasn't, he just didn't give a damn. Nobody would think he was a draft dodger these days just because he has on a white shirt."

"Why, Russ, you sound bitter."

"Well, it has been a long war — for everybody. But, anyway, I believe that was Banion who rode out to the stadium with Grace."

"But why would he kill her?"

"I don't know exactly. But it's not hard to think of reasons for a man with three years in Nazi prison camps. Suppose Grace told him she wanted a divorce to marry Bob Snyder?"

"But we don't know that she did."

"True. But it's possible. She may have written something like that when she first heard from him."

"Oh, no, she wouldn't do that."

"I hope not. But as my friend, Sgt. Snyder, might say: never trust a woman. Or may I say it's been a long war. Or did I say that?"

"You did. But I get the point . . . and I don't think Grace wanted to go back to her husband. . . . It's a mess."

"Right. But to sum up, I think James Banion did willfully kill his wife for reasons of his own, he then being none too sound in mind or body, thanks to the Nazis."

"Aren't you forgetting something, dear?"

"I hope not."

"Well, after that lecture you gave me on marksmanship, just how did he do it? And where did he get a Nambu? In Berlin?"

"Oh, that. I figured it out this morning after I saw you. But I can't discuss it until I've seen the provost. Which is where I'm going now."

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(continued on page 50)

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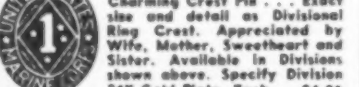
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SEE  
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PAGE 69

## SOUVENIR MURDER CASE (continued from page 49)

"SIT down, Walker," the provost said. "A few things have come up since you were here." He picked up a telegram. "This came from the War Department, in answer to one I sent this morning trying to contact Sgt. Banion. They say he's been missing from a separation center since Thursday. I have an idea he was here yesterday afternoon. What do you think?"

"Since you put it that way, major, I'll tell you exactly what I think. I believe he was here yesterday and killed his wife."

"I see we are thinking the same thing. But can you tell me how he did it?"

"I can tell you how he could have done it, but the ballistics report may make a fool out of me."

"Let's take that risk."

"Very well, sir. We've been assuming, on the strength of Commander Horton's well-founded suggestion, that the bullet was fired from a Nambu—a Japanese 8-mm. pistol. The Bureau ballistics people may show the doctor was right. Or they may show he was almost right."

"What do you mean?"

"A very similar slug could be fired from the 7.63-mm. German Mauser."

"Is that the one with the wooden holster for a shoulder stock? Very accurate weapon—makes an excellent carbine."

"That's right, major. A marksman would find it reliable at two or three hundred yards."

"So you think maybe the Banions were walking up the road and then quarreled. She left him and he shot her while all that noise was going on in the stadium—shot her when she was quite a way down the road from him."

"Something like that, major."

"Seems likely enough. But there's still one hitch—he put three bullets into her before she fell. That's very fast shooting in any league."

"That stumped me, too. Till I found there is a 1932 machine pistol model of the Mauser which was a great favorite with the Storm Troopers. With a 10 or 20-shot magazine it fires so fast, the reports blend together. The SS boys like it to mow down mobs. But it retains all the accuracy of the regular Mauser when it's fired in short bursts. Say, three or four rounds."

"That sounds like quite a weapon, Walker, and it certainly could have done this job."

"And Banion is just back from Germany."

"A souvenir murder, after all, eh? Only we had the wrong war for a while. Sort of threw us off the track."

"Don't forget, major, that ballistics report may show that it is an 8-mm. Nambu bullet."

"Yes, but I don't think so. Have you seen the Sunday papers yet, Walker?"

"Why, no, major. I've been rather busy."

The provost handed Russ a newspaper clipping.

The headline was enough:

### Unknown Veteran Suicide With Nazi Machine Pistol

"He shot himself in the men's room at Union Station last evening," the provost said. "There was no identification on him but he was wearing a discharge pin which he must have borrowed with his civilian clothes."

"How can you be sure this is Banion?"

The provost smiled grimly. "There was a Navy Day program from this post in his pocket."

END



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## SOUND OFF (cont. from page 3)

### MEDALS AND PATCHES

Sirs:

To settle a few arguments would you please tell me what patch the men of the old Fourth Regiment, First Provisional Brigade are entitled to wear. Also, are the men who were in China during years of 1940-41 entitled to the China Service Medal?

Incidentally, through Sound Off I would like to get in touch with Ray Collins, Chicago, Ill., Dick Kenny of the same city, Tommy Thompson of Columbia, Miss., and Glen Stewart of Jackson, Miss.

"Chick" Childress  
938 W. Capitol St.,  
Jackson, Miss.

• We take it that by "old Fourth Regiment" of the First Provisional Brigade, that you are referring to the new Fourth Regiment. The "old Fourth" is generally referred to as that regiment captured in the Philippines.

If you left the new Fourth before it became a part of the Sixth, we do not know of any specific authority for any patches. However, with the tacit approval of commanding officers such men are wearing the Third Corps patch, having been a part of that organization on Guam.

The POWs from the old Fourth may wear the Third Corps patch or that of the Sixth Division. We have heard that some speculation has been given to a separate patch for the Fourth Regiment, but nothing official.

The China Service Medal was withdrawn on 7 September 1939, so you would not rate it for the dates stipulated in your letter. The American Defense Medal was authorized on 8 September 1939, to 7 December 1941. You rate this one with a star for such service in China as mentioned above. — Ed.

### EX-MARINE AND SOLDIER

Sirs:

I agree with the two army engineers in the June issue of *Leatherneck* ["The Doggies Growl,"] in which the writers said they were just as proud of the Army engineers as any Marine was of the Corps. — Ed.]

Now don't get me wrong, I think the Marines are a grand outfit. Having served in the Marines and then in the Army Infantry, I feel that I should know which is the toughest. In the Army we took 20-mile hikes; in the Marines I never did anything like that.

Maybe I didn't have any right to sound off, but did anyway. Some of the others will agree with me, too.

George W. May  
Lawndale, Ill.

You FMF'ers must have caught some of those 20-mile "excur-  
— Ed.

### THE PURPLE HEART

Sirs:

In a recent issue of your magazine, under Sound Off, you listed combat fatigue personnel in the casualty report for the Guam campaign. Do such people rate the Purple Heart Medal? Do personnel of the armed forces who have succumbed to combat fatigue rate the Purple Heart Medal?

The article below, from the *Medical Scrap Book* is written for your interest —

"In those who have succumbed to so-called combat fatigue, the conflict has been almost literally a death struggle. Many of these men could not be broken until great hardship, deprivation, exhaustion, tropical diseases and horrible emotional experiences were placed in the balance against them. Such men were as honorably wounded as though they had been struck down by the fire of the enemy."

Lieutenant F. A. Preuss, USN  
Long Beach, Calif.

• Combat fatigue casualties do not rate the Purple Heart Medal. — Ed.

### ARMY DRESS BLUES?

Sirs:

I never got so disgusted in my life (except maybe when I got restricted for my first liberty in the Corps) as when I read the letter from "two very proud engineers" in the June Sound Off Column. Sure we realize there was an Army, Navy and Coast Guard in World War II.

The Navy did a swell job, and I am happy to say so, because I believe in credit where credit is due. Besides, I fought with them while I was seagoing.

I know a lot of doggies, and all I ever hear them talk about is the women in Paris, or the beer in London, or the cognac in Rome. They were all buddies and school chums before the war. Now some of them actually believe they fought the whole war.

What happened in the much-talked-about ETO I do not know much about, but I do know what happened in the Pacific. The Marines fought some of the toughest battles the world has ever seen.

These engineers state, "... that we are prouder than any Marine to be connected with the United States Army." Brother, if you are prouder to be a doggie than I was (and still am) proud to be a Marine, I feel for you — because you'd bust wide-open.

And as for the private-sergeant topic: I was a PFC and because of that fact was offered the rank of master sergeant in the National Guard, through the Texas State Guard. ...

Why don't you fellows admit who won the war in the Pacific and let us brag about it. We are certainly willing to let you brag about Picadilly Circus.

I find another article in "We-The Marines" that the Army is going to get dress blues. It's an absolute sacrilege!

L. R. Du Bose  
Cotulla, Tex.





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## SOUND OFF (cont.)

### HABA HABA EXPLAINED

Sirs:

I am writing in response to a letter in Sound Off requesting the origination of the term "haba haba."

I first heard the expression in Shanghai at a regimental ball game held in 1937. The person using the expression was a corporal in Motor Transport. I do not recall his name, but he was pretty much of a character.

I've always thought of the phrase simply as a corruption of the Chinese expression haba hau, which means "how are you?" or its equivalent. I do know that Marines on greeting the room-boys in the mornings would snore them under by saying haba haba instead of haba hau.

Now, of course, the bobby-soxers have further corrupted the word to "huba huba."

After leaving China I never heard the expression except at ball games held on the Marine base. Some China Marine would usually get up and yell, "OK, you plank-owners, let's have a little haba haba out there." The meaning of the word is now considerably different than it started out to be.

ex-China Marine  
Baltimore, Md.

● *Sounds logical. Any other comments on the origin of haba haba?*  
Ed. "HABA HAU!"



A 4.0 FROM THE NAVY

Sirs:

I know *The Leatherneck* is a Marine magazine, but I read it along with *Our Navy* and have decided to drop you a line. I am a swabbie, have been for five years, 10½ months, with service aboard the old *Chicago* and the *Pasadena*, both having Marines aboard.

I just wanted to tell you Gyrenes that even though the Marines and sailors are supposed to be some kind of traditional enemies, the Corps rates a 4.0 from the Navy. . .

G. Mabey, GM3/c  
Long Island, N. Y.

● *Maybe the Marines and sailors have mixed it up a little in the past, but we have never known a Marine, or sailor, to let some outsider gang up on the other.* — Ed.

### LES BELLES FEMMES

Sirs:

Lately I have been hearing quite a few remarks passed by some of the boys who are back from overseas. Army, Navy and Marine personnel, as well, seem to have some silly premonition about the beauty of the Australian girls. Some have even gone so far as to say they are the most beautiful in the world.

I have been in the Corps since January, 1946, and in comparison with most of the old salts, I am still a boot. But, having served in the Merchant Marine for two years prior to my enlistment, I have been to most of the major ports of Australia. As yet, I have seen no girl that can compare with the American girl.

Pvt. A. R. Lorenz  
Great Lakes, Ill.

### THAT THEY MAY SEE

Sirs:

Am enclosing a clipping from the editorial page from one of Vallejo's (Calif.) newspapers. After reading it I thought if you printed it in your Sound Off column, some of these SS Marines could see just what kind of outfit they are in.

If they know Vallejo, it is to know that the city is strictly Navy. When the Marines get a write-up such as this, the outfit can't be so bad.

Sergeant Earl Thomas, USMC  
Mare Island, Calif

● *Below is the editorial to which Sgt. Thomas refers.* — Ed.

### A Tribute To Marine Corps

"One of the most outstanding services rendered the United States in the postwar era was the defense staged by General Vandegrift on behalf of the United States Marines. This fighting branch of the nation's defense has written such an outstanding record whenever called upon it seems a travesty that need should arise requiring defense lest it pass from glory to status of a dress rehearsal as a background for less valorous defenders of the Stars and Stripes.

"When men of guts and brawn were needed to invade Guadalcanal, the Marines went ashore. The struggle they put up against superior numbers is a saga of heroism. With grim tenacity, and little else, they maintained their foothold, extending it, and made possible the trek to Japan. When Tarawa loomed out of the fog the Marines left their snug quarters and went over the side to struggle against the coral reef and the Japs and opened the way for others to venture forth.

"With full and just homage to every fighting American, we maintain that the Marine Corps has written a record for all others to shoot at. Their mastery of amphibious warfare stemmed the battle against Japan and opened the beachheads to our valorous soldiers. In the heat of invasion the Marines did yeoman service and full and everlasting credit is their due.

"General Vandegrift's defense of the Marine Corps is an open challenge to the War Department and you can rest assured that there will be no attempt to weaken the Corps or reduce its effectiveness. It is as much an essential to national defense as the battle-wagons that carried them from one invasion spot to another. Both spoke eloquently of American manhood and gave full testimonial to courage, skill and patriotism.

"The Marines were one of the strongest factors in building and maintaining high morale. They led the way and inspired others to follow through. They were sacrificed and died as heroes for a cause they never failed. Let the glory they won and the courage they displayed, serve the nation as a watchword to preparedness for all time to come. Who dares to pull their standards down!"

TURN PAGE

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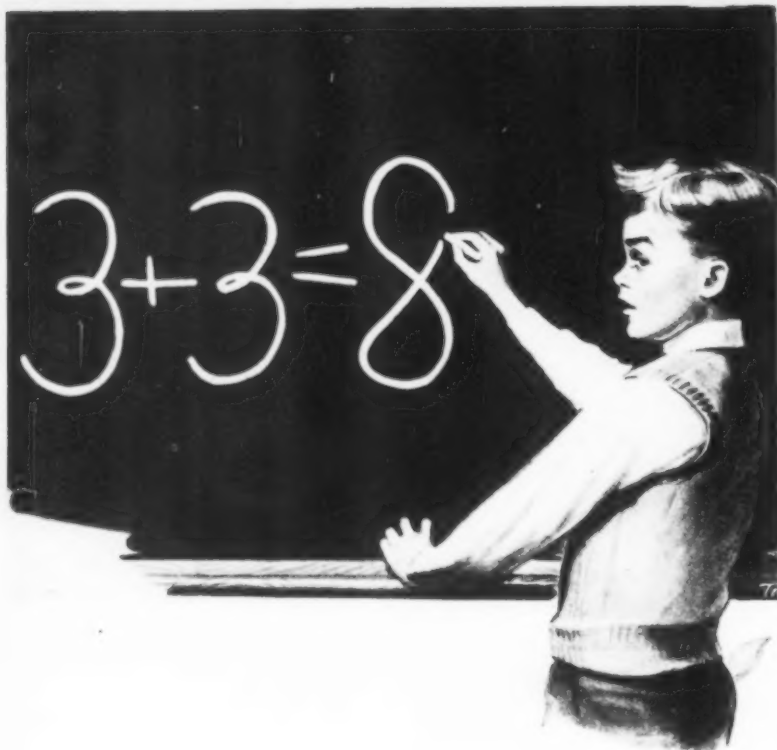
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## SOUND OFF (cont.)

### VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES

Sirs:

I happen to be one of those unfortunate victims of circumstances.

Upon receiving some very misleading information, I decided being an "ex-Marine" wasn't good enough. Now I am in the Army.

I find it rather hard to adjust myself to the Army way of life. Isn't there some way to whisk me away to some defense battalion on Samoa or the Fijis? Seriously speaking, when I finish this three-year "hitch" in the Army, will it count on my time as a career Marine?

I spent three years, one month and 13 days in the Marines and would like to get back just as soon as possible. There is another ex-Marine here in the same boat. We'd enjoy doing about 20 years in a man's outfit. Can you help us?

An Unhappy Soldier  
Camp Lee, Va.

● *There is no provision for transferring from the Army into the Marine Corps. Upon discharge, of course, you can re-enlist in the Marine Corps.*

*Your three years in the Army, under present legislation, will not count on 20 in the Marine Corps. It will, however, count toward 30.*

—Ed.



### RESERVES, CLASS III (b)

Sirs:

I enlisted in class III (d) Reserve for a period of four years on 1 March 1943. On 1 March 1944, I was transferred from the school to which I had been assigned. My status, however, was not changed to class III (b) as it was in the cases of the other men.

I would like to know if it is possible to be changed to class III (b) now. If a change can be made, please advise me as to the correct procedure in the matter.

PFC R. C. Pasley  
Charleston, S. C.

● *Personnel are and were usually transferred from class III (d) to class III (b) by letter from the Commandant. However, if you are interested because of the possibility of a discharge, do not worry about it.*

*Letter of Instruction 1190 states all male personnel, possessing number of required points are eligible for discharge—except regulars, fleet reservists (except 1-E), retired personnel, men sick in hospital or in a disciplinary status. With the necessary points, III (ds) will get out as soon as III (bs).* —Ed.

### GUARD THANKS MARINES

Sirs:

Many thanks have been expressed here among the officers for the help we received on May 2nd, 3rd and 4th (during the riot at Alcatraz) from Warrant Officer Charles L. Buckner and his detachment of Marines from Treasure Island. I, for one, can truthfully say that when I saw Marines on the Island, there was a great lift in spirit. The majority of officers here have served in some branch of the armed forces—with quite a sprinkling of Marines.

Our captain of the Custodial Force is an old-timer with 15 and a half years in the Marine Corps, with service over various parts of the globe. His name is Henry Weinhold and [he] was seriously injured during the riot.

I have spent a little time in the Corps myself. Was in from 1934 to 1938 and from 1944 to 1945. The last year was with Co. A of the 26th Marines. I would be glad to hear from anyone who was in the Marine detachment between 1935 and 1938 aboard the USS Pensacola, or some of my buddies from the 26th Marines.

Alfred J. Shield  
Alcatraz, Calif.

### PLAUDITS ACKNOWLEDGED

Sirs:

In our local paper, The Silver Spring Standard, is a column written by a Mr. Frank Miller. In the issue of May 24th, he praised The Leatherneck Magazine. I am enclosing the piece, clipped from our paper, which reads:

"If anyone thinks the Army's Stars and Stripes edition, or any of its numerous other publications, including Yank, are tops in comics and laughs, they should take a peek at The Leatherneck, official magazine of the Marine Corps, which, after reading several copies, I say tops them all, in quality and humor and originality . . ."

I think the magazine is tops, too. Every bit of it is interesting, especially the stories by Gunther Gherkin. The one "Shooting Pains on Okinawa" was swell and good for a laugh every time I read or talk about it. More of Gunther Gherkin's stories, please.

Thanks for a good magazine about a swell bunch of fellows in a wonderful branch of the service.

M. Jeanne Abbott  
Silver Spring, Md.

### TOP TAKES EXCEPTION

Sirs:

I wish to give Sgt. Phillips an argument about his article "Operation Smokey." As an immigration officer I have to take the opposite side to his views. [This article concerned the inability of Marines of the Sixth Division to bring their mascot, a Chinese lad, back to the States with them. —Ed.]

Every outfit, at one time or another, had a mascot, and when they started coming back to the States they tried to bring them back, too, either legally or illegally.

After all, the immigrant waiting his turn to get into the United States has his rights. And, every time one of these "mascots" gains entrance, another number is stricken from that country's quota.

I still enjoy keeping in touch with the Corps through your magazine.

A. A. Brown, Jr.,  
1st Sgt. USMCR (inact.)  
Calais, Me.



#### CAVIN NOT CAVIN

Sirs:

In your May issue, on page 15, you have a picture of an old friend of mine. I went through with him in January, 1940, and later we met again at the Oakland hospital, in October, 1945.

The article with the picture was entitled "Pacific Dream." What I am writing for is to correct you on a case of mistaken identity. The name under the pictures seem to be reversed. The man on the left is Cavin, not Thompson as you had in the article. Will you kindly correct this error in your next issue.

Sergeant Walter E. Freiberger  
Great Lakes, Ill.

● *If The Leatherneck was in error, we are glad to accept the correction. — Ed.*

#### CAN I WEAR IT?

Sirs:

I was in the Marine Corps one year last month. Am I entitled to wear the American Area Campaign Ribbon?

PFC R. E. Webster  
San Francisco, Calif.

● *No! ALNAV 108, dated 4 March 1946, gives 2 March 1946 as the last date to qualify for the American Area Campaign Medal and the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal.*

To qualify for the American Area Campaign Medal you must have served outside of the continental limits of the United States, in the American Area, for a period of 30 days or more, or, within the continental limits of the United States for a period of one year or more. As you did not have a year in before 2 March 1946, you do not rate the award.

The Asiatic-Pacific Medal required a 30-day or longer period of service within that area. That medal also terminated on 2 March, 1946. — Ed.

#### WANTS INFORMATION

Sirs:

I would like a little information on how I may obtain a Marine Corps Manual. I am a staff NCO and a lot of the boys come to me for information pertaining to the Marine Corps. I am going to stay in the Corps and for my own benefit, and theirs, I would like to have one. Of course, I expect to pay for it.

Can I obtain a copy of the Headquarters Bulletin every month? I will appreciate any information you can give me.

Gunnery Sergeant S. Guido  
San Francisco, Calif.

● *The Marine Corps Manual is not available to individuals, only to Marine Corps units.*

The Headquarters Bulletin is also sent to units of the Corps with the instruction that they be given wide circulation among the personnel. — Ed.

#### AWARD OF AIR MEDALS

Sirs:

In a recent issue of *The Leatherneck* I came across an article in the Sound Off column which states that the Air Medal would be awarded for five combat missions with a cluster for each succeeding five missions after December 18, 1944. I believe that this is referred to in the Navy Dept. Bulletin 1421-44.

I officially logged eight strikes, seven combat reconnaissance missions and several dozen anti-submarine missions after that date. What I would like to know is: am I entitled to the Air Medal with two clusters and if so how do I get it.

Thanks for the swell article on VMTB-232 (The Red Devil Squadron). Hope you keep up the swell job.

Robert H. Gauthier  
Chicago, Ill.

● *A check of the records at Headquarters shows that you were never recommended for any of these awards.*

The Air Medal is not automatically awarded for participation in five strikes. A recommendation must be submitted by your commanding officer to merit consideration for an award of this medal. — Ed.

#### BRAVO, MILHON!

Sirs:

I have just read PFC William Milhon's history of "Awn Up Reep" [April *Leatherneck*]. And for pure reading enjoyment, it was the best.

If you can consider this letter as any form of inducement, let me say that I will be looking forward to other such stories.

James Ivanoff  
Middletown, Ohio

● *We are always interested to know the likes and dislikes of our readers. PFC Milhon is a regular member of the Leatherneck staff, and you will be seeing other stories under his name. — Ed.*



#### TO AID WOUNDED MARINES

Sirs:

Would you help us by publishing this letter in your magazine?

Our eldest son, PFC William E. Christy, USMC, died of wounds suffered when he landed on Iwo Jima with the Fifth Marine Division. He is buried on Guam.

We can't help our Bill any more, so we would like to help some brother Marine—a disabled, discharged boy. We would like to have two of these boys. Maybe in the future we can help more.

Perhaps I should add that we are farmers and live in the foothills of the mountains.

Mrs. S. Christy  
Star Route  
Parishville, N. Y.

TURN PAGE

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## SOUND OFF (cont.)

Following are condensations of letters written to the Sound Off editor by relatives of Marines who died during the war, seeking information concerning their deaths.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mrs. D. C. Sanderlin, Route 4, Monticello, Ark., about her son, Corporal Henry Eugene Sanderlin, Company C, 1st Battalion, 27th Marines, Fifth Division, killed on Iwo Jima.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Taylor, Box 1, Russell, Ky., about their son, Pvt. Marrian Lawrence Taylor, Company G, 2nd Battalion, 25th Marines, Fourth Division, killed on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. L. M. Dixon, Route 2, Dalton, Ga., about her son, Corporal Harry L. Dixon, Company F, 2nd Battalion, 29th Marines, Sixth Division, killed on Okinawa.

Lurlene L. Woods, Robstown, Tex., about her husband, PFC W. Lloyd Woods, 3rd Tank Battalion, Third Division, killed on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. George E. Witherup, Box 114A, 415 Avenue D, Billings, Mont., about her son, PFC Harley Witherup, Company E, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marine Division, killed on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. George D. Waldo, 137 Frederick St., Kalamazoo 22, Mich., about her son, Sergeant Francis (Frank) E. Waldo, Company L, 3rd Battalion, Third Marines, Third Division, who was wounded on Guam and died aboard a hospital ship.

James E. Thompson, 919 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, Iowa, about his twin brother, Staff Sergeant John N. Thompson, serving aboard the carrier *Franklin* when it was hit March 19, 1945.

Mrs. Roy J. Algeo, Sr., 1123 South Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa., about her son, PFC Roy J. Algeo, Jr., Company B, 1st Battalion, Sixth Marines, Second Division, killed on Saipan.

Mrs. Willia Kennedy, Red Bay, Ala., Route 1, about her son, PFC Clifford O. Kennedy, who died in China after Okinawa campaign.

Dorothy Stewart, Hazlehurst, Ga., whereabouts of Pvts. Charles Stewart and W. O. Stephens, buddies of her brother who was killed on Iwo Jima.

Bettye Lee Newberry, 2101 Marine St., Santa Monica, Calif., about Platoon Sergeant Joseph Arthur Wisniewski, Company H, 2nd Marine Raider Battalion.

Ralph E. Brown, Apt. 31, 15 Broadway, Bayonne, N. J., about his brother, PFC Philip J. Brown, Company L, 3rd Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Division, killed on Okinawa.

Mrs. J. A. Will, 1301 Peden St., Houston 6, Tex., about a cousin, First Lieutenant Percy Lee Will, Marine Air Corps, first listed as missing in action, later presumed dead.

Anthony J. McCarthy (American Legion), P.O. Box 704, Chicago 90, Ill., in behalf of the widow of Sergeant Henry Clinton Johnson, 30th Replacement Regiment, Fourth Division, killed on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. L. E. Olson, Jr., 544 South 8th St., Gainesville, Fla., about her brother, Corporal Andrew L. Coffin, Company E, 2nd Battalion, 22nd Marines, Sixth Division, killed on Okinawa.

Mrs. Walter H. Hansen, 870 Oak St., Apt. 3, San Francisco, Calif., about her son, Corporal Richard A. Hansen, killed on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. Edna Enfield, 116 W. Gale St., Angola, Ind., about her son, Burton Nyal Enfield, Company K, 3rd Battalion, Fourth Marines, Sixth Division, killed on Okinawa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jones, Yorkville, Tenn., about their son, First Lieutenant Harry Wilson Jones, Company I, 3rd Battalion, Ninth Marines, Third Division, killed on Iwo Jima.

Peggy Ann Littlefield, Route 1, Bronte, Tex., about her brother, PFC Elgin Littlefield, Company G, 2nd Battalion, Ninth Marines, Third Division, killed on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. Wilbur Bagley, 1945 S. Fremont St., Minneapolis, Minn., would like the name and addresses of those men who went in at Bougainville on November 1, 1943, in boat 63.

Chas. V. Porras, Sr., 940 1/2 So. Fresno St., Los Angeles 23, Calif., about his son, Chas. V. Porras, PhM3/c, Headquarters Company, Third Battalion, First Marines, First Division, and later with an assault platoon of Company H, killed on Peleliu.

Lynwood Buttingham, 1 Laurel St., Pocomoke City, Md., about his brother, PFC Orville Buttingham, Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, Second Marines, Second Division, who died while serving in Japan.

Otto J. Seifert, M.D., New Ulm, Minn., about his son, Lieutenant Otto J. Seifert, Jr., VMS 112, MAG 11, a member of the Wolf Pack on Guadalcanal.

Wm. J. Burnett, 223 No. Pleasant Ave., Ridgewood, N. J., about his son, William R. Burnett, PhM3/c, Tenth Marines, Second Division, who became ill aboard a transport, and was removed and sent to the hospital at Hilo, Hawaii, where he died.

B. F. Duryea, 1232 N. Howard St., Glendale 7, Calif., about his son, Corporal Albert B. Duryea, Company A, 1st Battalion, 24th Marines, Fourth Division, killed on Saipan.

Mrs. Dennis Morrison, 502 Rosalie St., Houston, Tex., about her son, Second Lieutenant Billy Combs, with the First Division on Guadalcanal as enlisted man, was commissioned before Bougainville and was killed on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. Sybil Walker, General Delivery, Bowman, Calif., about her husband, PFC William H. Walker, Company A, 1st Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Division, killed on Peleliu.



Mrs. Callie Rust Floyd, 325 Kalorama St., Staunton, Va., about her brother, PFC Harry K. Rust, who was killed on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. Sophia Clausen, 5731 N. Mobile Ave., Chicago 30, Ill., about her son, PFC John J. Clausen, injured in gasoline explosion on Guadalcanal and after a second injury was sent for hospitalization to the United States, where he died.

Mrs. Mary Davis, 1011 Thompson, Glendale 1, Calif., about her husband, Staff Sergeant Harold G. Davis, VMTB 134, MAG 11, Second Marine Air Wing, killed on Peleliu.

Mrs. Anna L. Degges, -6301 Eastern Ave., N.E., Washington, D. C., seeks to recover some pictures taken by her husband, Pvt. Ernest E. Degges, B Btry., HAA Gp., 5th AAA Bn., and buddies, before he was killed on Okinawa.

Mrs. Louis Nickolas, 406 N. 5th St., Reading, Pa., about her husband, Pvt. Louis Nickolas, Company L, 3rd Battalion, Fourth Marines, Sixth Division, killed on Okinawa.

Mrs. Emil L. Wallach, Eureka, Mo., about her son, Pvt. Arthur Wallach, Company A, 10th Amphibious Tractor Battalion, Fourth Marine Division, reported missing in action during the Marshall Island invasion.

Mrs. Aileen Hines, Star Route, Braxton, Miss., about her son, PFC Henry Lee Keen, Company D, 2nd Battalion, 28th Marines, Fifth Division, killed on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. Emilie O'Reilly, 1344 Sardis St., Memphis 5, Tenn., about her son, PFC Patrick J. O'Reilly, Company E, 2nd Battalion, 21st Marines, Third Division, wounded at Iwo Jima and later died at a hospital on Guam.

Mrs. Paul Bishop, Albany, Ind., about her son, Ernest Bishop, Company E, 2nd Battalion, 24th Marines, Fourth Division, killed during Iwo Jima fighting.

The following first-named persons seek information concerning the whereabouts of the second-named.

Harry E. Nelson, Jr., Box 32, Consaul Road, Schenectady, N. Y., about any of the men in Headquarters, Dog or Fox Company, 2nd Battalion, 29th Marines, Sixth Division.

Raymond A. Rebbein, Route 1, Neenah, Wis. would like to hear from any of the men who served with him on Tulagi, Solomon Islands, in 1942, especially those who helped compose the "Second Marine Diary."

Charles H. Hestand, 4536 Crittenden Drive, Louisville, Ky., from buddies in Company C, 1st Battalion, 27th Marines, Fifth Division.

Ted R. Hoopes, Route 1, Lorenzo, Ida., about Gunner Frank Cunha, formerly with the 3rd Battalion, 9th Marines, Third Division.

Mrs. Eleanor H. McKinney, Route 6, Aboite Center Road, Fort Wayne 8, Ind., about her son, Sergeant William Blundell, Company F, 2nd Battalion, Ninth Marines, Third Division, wounded on Iwo Jima and died at Oakland, Calif., hospital.

Mrs. Ernest H. Bishop, Pantego, N. C., about her son, John J. Bishop, 29th Marines, Sixth Division, who died of wounds on Okinawa.

Mrs. Evelyn Meier, 129 Burton, Bellflower, Calif., about her nephew, PFC Donald Kimrey, Eighth Service Regiment, who died in Seattle, Wash., shortly after coming back from Japan.

Ralph E. Brown, 15 Broadway, Apt. 31, Bayonne, N. J., about his brother, PFC Philip J. Brown, Company L, 3rd Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Division, killed on Okinawa.

Mrs. O. Harman, 3219 White Oak St., El Paso, Tex., about his son, Harper Patrick Harman, Company I, 3rd Battalion, Sixth Marines, Second Division, killed on Saipan.

John G. Kessel, HA1/c, Ward 13 USNH, Norman, Okla., seeks to contact Marine named Brundage; first name may be Robert; have information about his brother, Lloyd J., PhM2/c, killed on Iwo Jima while attempting to rescue a Marine.

Mrs. Harold M. Braxton, Sr., 406 W. Howard St., Muncie, Ind., about her son, Private Harold M. Braxton, Company C, 1st Battalion, Ninth Marines, Third Division, killed on Iwo Jima.

Raymond Z. Kwatoski, 30 Wait St., Springfield 4, Mass., about half brother, PFC Edward F. Borowski, Company K, 3rd Battalion, First Marines, First Division, first reported missing in action, then dead, Palau Islands.

Mrs. Susan Louise Bonner, 641 Hanover Ave., Allentown, Pa., about her son, Corporal Herbert C. Bonner, 29th Marines, Sixth Division, killed on Okinawa.

Margie Trimble, Box 284, Mansfield, La., about PFC William O. James, whose last-known address is VMF 225, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Bill Hampton, 703 Second Street, Easley, S. C., about his former buddies in Company B, 3rd Tank Battalion, 21st Marines. Also about Sergeant James Roby or Corporal Glenn E. Glass.

Pvt. A. J. Mazurowski, VMR 953, Aircraft FMFPAC, FPO San Francisco, Calif., about any of the former members of Platoon 628.

Joe Pennini, 211 E. 105th Street, New York City, about Pvt. D. R. Hackenberry, Pittsburgh, Pa., and PFC B. J. Shelton, Ind.



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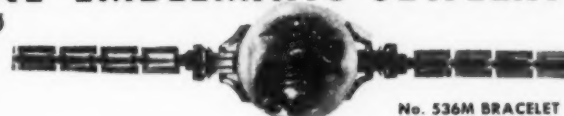
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home their favorite GIs**







"Boy, are we going to like it here!" agree ex-Marines Dave Baker and Bill Nuttle as they reconnoiter the Maryland campus before signing up

under the GI Bill of Rights. Dave was at Tarawa, Bill at Iwo — neither of which offered such scenes. So the boys catch up on their wolfing

**W**HEN ex-Marines Bill Nuttle and Dave Baker decided to finish their education at the University of Maryland under the GI Bill of Rights, their minds were strictly on studies. They weren't thinking much about college girls, because they'd heard that present-day coeds were sad sacks in sackie sloppy-joe sweaters, bobby-sox and beat-up dungaree trousers. Then, in no longer than it takes to walk from the main gate to the Ag Building, Dave and Bill quickly discovered:

- 1—When a guy's been away for three years, a pretty girl looks pretty no matter *what* she's wearing.
- 2—Coeds today are dressing better than ever to attract the home-coming heroes.

For the first pleasant discovery, the boys are indebted to certain Facts of Nature. But credit for the second discovery goes largely to the ingenuity of girls like Bea Allen and Claudia De La Verne.

During the dateless war years, it's true, many American college girls went to class looking like something left over from a Halloween party. Their clothes were loose, their hair stringy, and their whole appearance was certainly nothing to remember them by. Quite a few delicious coed curves were concealed

beneath ugly overall pants and huge "potato sack" sweaters.

But now, with 2400 ex-servicemen flooding the Maryland campus alone, it's a different story. At the first cry of "Man aboard!" coeds began putting on their war paint and dressing up in their best bibs and tuckers. They were definitely in no mood to repel boarders.

To help the fluttering females, the Home Economics Department of the University recently offered an incentive. A gigantic fashion show was held in the school auditorium. Coeds modeled clothes they had designed and made themselves. Their showings included smart wear for campus, travel and dinner dates. A few of the girls like Bea were ambitious and ingenious enough to turn out some smooth, sexational numbers calculated to snow the troops at formal proms and parties.

Although most of the outfits were designed for week ends and after-hours, the change in campus-wear was marked. Two trends, in particular, will meet with Marines' approval. Skirts have replaced dungarees, adding many lovely new limbs to the vista on Maryland's tree-studded campus, and sweaters are still in vogue, for obvious reasons. The girls' beauty is busting out all over.

Objective sighted! At the Registrar's Office, Dave forgets all about the curriculum, concentrates as curves of cute coeds, Claudia De La

Verne and Bea Allen, again heave into view. Bill, a shy guy, seems to have missed this big opportunity in an eager beaver attempt to enroll



# RIGHT DRESS (continued)



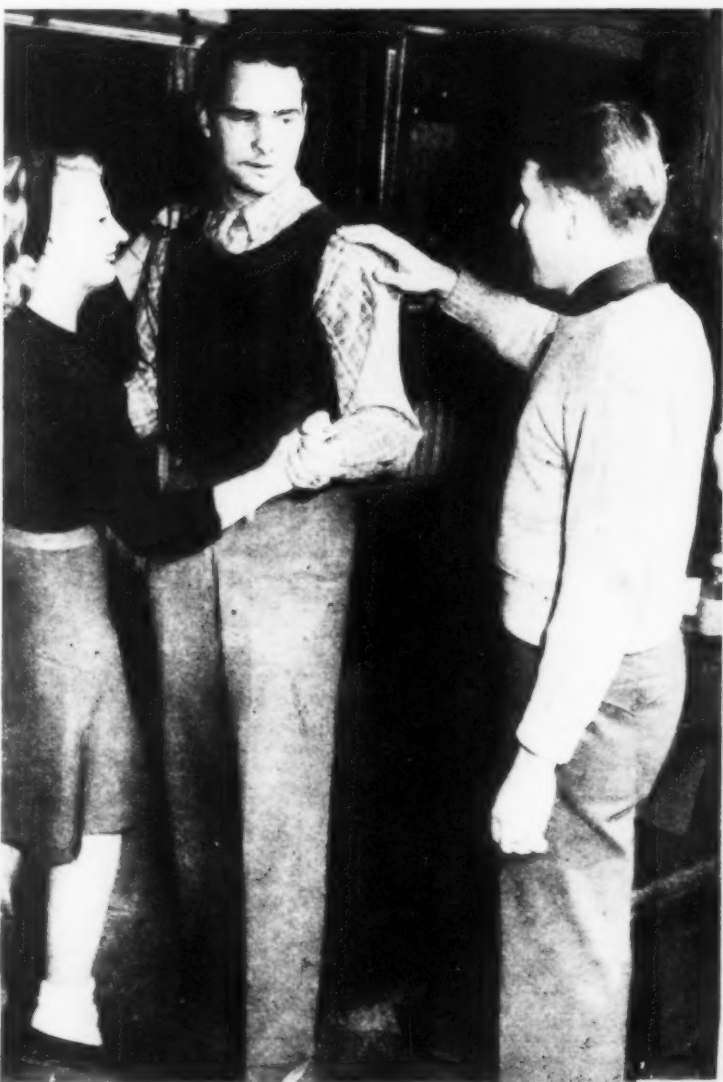
Clothes make the man romantic! At least that's what you'd suspect from the way Bill is looking at Bea, and Dave is eyeing the "teacher"

Dave hasn't been wasting any time, either. A member of the university rifle team, he finds this a good excuse to give Bea personal lessons



Oh-oh... we knew it! That new "dressed-up look" is paying off big for Bea, and Bill corners her after class and invites her to the big dance

Intrigued by Bea's charms, which the new styles help to reveal, Dave invites her to the local slopshute for a first "get-acquainted date"







**All dressed up, these gals  
found some place to go when  
home-coming GIs saw their new  
homemade outfits. Dates took  
the bait, hook, line and sinker**



**Peggy Rafferty was a model  
This is Marvel Maxwell**



**Men went mad for this plaid  
Miss Schildroth's dress is formal**



**She got her man! Beautifully gowned,  
Bea greets her prom date at the door**



# STREAMLINING

New legislation adds  
many benefits to the  
already attractive  
government insurance



by Arthur Mielke

ONE of America's best investments, and certainly the best of its kind, is the National Service Life Insurance (NSLI), which Uncle Sam presses on a person entering the service. Servicemen and veterans alike will do well to study the benefits in the present insurance law and in the amendments Congress was considering when this article was written. They should think not twice, but many times, before they decide to let their insurance drop, and should seriously consider picking up any policies which may have already lapsed.

The new legislation which, competent observers say, is certain to become law, brings NSLI more in line with civilian policies and provides for reconversion of a primarily wartime measure to its peacetime counterpart. A few of the more important provisions in this new legislation include:

- A. Lump sum payments to beneficiaries.
- B. Removal of bars on choice of beneficiaries.
- C. Payments to the insured in event of total disability.
- D. Endowment policies.

The lump-sum payments clause eliminates one of the main objections many servicemen have had toward NSLI. The initial law provided only for monthly installments to beneficiaries, the amounts depending upon the age of the beneficiary at the insured's death. Critics contended this method of payment was entirely inadequate. The new legislation, in the main, would provide that the holder may have the policy rewritten so the beneficiary may either receive the face amount of the insurance in one lump sum or in monthly installments not less than 36 nor more than 240 in number.

Heretofore, only immediate relatives were eligible to receive NSLI benefits. Those who could be named were: wife; husband; child; parent; brother; and sister. Under the new law the policyholder may designate as beneficiary any person or persons, firm, corporation, or any legal entity.

Another change would permit policyholders, for a small additional premium payment, to obtain monthly sums if they become totally disabled. Plans call for payment of \$5 per month per thousand dollars of insurance if such policyholders are totally disabled for six consecutive months or more. This amount, incidentally, would not be deducted from the face amount of the policy. In other words, if a man had \$10,000 insurance, and received disability benefits amounting to \$1000, his beneficiary would still obtain the full \$10,000 instead of \$9000, when the policyholder died.



# G.I. INSURANCE

The new provision for total disability benefits augments a benefit included in the original law. The law specifies that waivers would be granted on payments of premiums during "continuous total disability of the insured for six or more consecutive months." By June of this year, the Veterans Administration, which handles this business, had granted more than 390,000 such waivers. During the six months ending December 31, 1945, the VA received more claims for waivers on account of disability than it had received during the entire preceding four and a half years of NSLI existence. Once the claim for disability has been approved, all premiums paid by the disabled policyholder since the time the total disability commenced are returned to him.

Pending legislation provides for 20-year endowments and endowments at the ages of 60 and 65. Rates for this type of insurance will be commensurately higher than other types. The insured's age figures very prominently in the amount of premiums to be paid on such policies.

The pending bill, which was passed by the House of Representatives on June 3, is really an amalgamation of some six or seven bills. Sponsored by Representative Rankin of Mississippi, it has drawn endorsements of the VA and of the principal veterans' organizations. According to a news release it represents the "fruit of 18 months of joint painstaking study by the rehabilitation and legislative staffs of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the American Legion and the Disabled American Veterans."

The purpose of the measure is to provide World War II veterans with insurance rights under NSLI, which equal those set up for World War I servicemen, and to make policies more nearly fit the needs and desires of veterans in peacetime conditions.

During World War I, some 4,500,000 War Risk Insurance policies, providing \$39,600,000,000 in protection, were granted. This represented a very high percentage of the 4,764,000 persons mobilized for that war. However, after the Armistice, many veterans, just as at present, let their policies lapse. A recent check reveals that only 10 per cent of the veterans of World War I retained their insurance.

Today, opinion is undivided on the advisability of retaining NSLI upon discharge, or resuming it quickly if the policy has already lapsed. There is, however, some difference of opinion as to the wisest amount, type and spacing of payments to select upon discharge.

On this score, Harold W. Breining, VA administrator for insurance, advises discharges in general to continue paying the same low premiums they paid while in the service, for some time after getting out. After doing this they will be protected by life insurance while they become adjusted to civilian life. Then, when they are satisfied they have permanent jobs, they can decide on how much they can afford to lay out for insurance.

"By no means should a veteran be urged to convert his policy when he may be uncertain about his economic status," Breining said.

It is better, he explained, to pay premiums in advance than to "date back" a policy. Dating back a policy means, for example, paying up several years of a 20- or 30-payment life policy, leaving fewer years in which to pay.

All NSLI issued before January 1, 1946, may be continued on the term plan for eight years from the date of issue, and all term insurance issued after that date may be maintained on the term plan for five years, without conversion.

Despite all the benefits accruing to NSLI policyholders, only one out of every three veterans pays his first premium after discharge, and within six months the number dwindles to one out of every five, according to a survey made by the VA.

NSLI was legalized on October 8, 1940. After nearly six years of existence more than 18,600,000 policies have been issued totaling more than \$146,000,000,000 in life insurance protection. An indication of NSLI's size may be seen in the fact that, during its comparatively short life, the total amount of protection it has provided comes within a few billion dollars of the total combined insurance now in force with all commercial life insurance companies operating in this country.

An estimated 95 per cent of all persons who entered the armed forces since the NSLI Act was passed applied for insurance. Those who were accepted took out an average of more than \$9200 in life insurance. By June of this year the VA had allowed over 487,000 claims for death benefits. The claims represented a total face amount in excess of \$3,280,000,000.

The present law provides for conversion to 20-payment, 30-payment and ordinary life insurance. Veterans converting their policies have shown a marked preference for the 20-payment life type. Figures amassed by the VA show that it is five times more popular than the 30-payment or ordinary life policies. When this was written, some 300,000 policies had been converted. Of this figure 165,000 were 20-payment life; 33,000, 30-payment life; and 32,000, ordinary life. The remaining 70,000 had not been compiled.

Something that few policyholders and ex-policyholders realize is that converted insurance has a large cash turn-in value for the insured. For instance, if a person took out a policy at the age of 25 years and paid premiums for 20 years, he would be able to secure the following sums for each \$1000 of insurance he holds:

|                       |          |
|-----------------------|----------|
| 20-payment life ..... | \$504.58 |
| 30-payment life ..... | 340.59   |
| Ordinary life .....   | 230.50   |

In other words, if he chose to take out what he could at the age of 45, more than half the face amount of the insurance would be available to him under the 20-payment life plan; a third, if he had the 30-payment life; and slightly less than a quarter, if he had ordinary life. The reason he would get a larger cash value on turning in 20- and 30-payment policies, of course, is because he would have paid higher premiums. If he didn't want to take out all the money permanently, he could make loans on his policy. In fact, he could borrow 94 per cent of the cash value in his policy at any time after his NSLI had been in effect for one year.

If the same policyholder at the end of 20 years felt he could no longer pay premiums, but did not wish to sacrifice all of his insurance protection, or borrow against it, there would be other valuable provisions available to him. These would include paid-up insurance. At age 45, for example, the following amounts of paid-up insurance would be available:

|                       |           |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| 20-payment life ..... | \$1000.00 |
| 30-payment life ..... | 675.00    |
| Ordinary life .....   | 456.82    |



A Veterans Administration mail clerk empties another sack of mail headed for the insurance section. During 1945 the VA received 46 million pieces of mail concerning insurance from veterans

## Policy holders may either borrow or get "turn in" cash on their partially paid-up GI insurance

It is interesting to note that total premiums already paid on each \$1000 of insurance by this policyholder during the 20-year period would have been as follows:

|                 |          |
|-----------------|----------|
| 20-payment life | \$502.00 |
| 30-payment life | 395.40   |
| Ordinary life   | 324.40   |

The large increase in the number of veterans who let their policies lapse after discharge resulted in an announcement by the Veterans Administrator, General Omar Bradley, to the effect that policies may be reinstated without a physical examination at any time within the current year. A veteran may do this by submitting a signed statement asserting that he is in as good health as he was when the policy lapsed. This liberalization of reinstatement privileges also applies to anyone who allows his policy to lapse at any time between now and January 1, 1947.

During this extension period, persons who did not convert their policies before allowing them to lapse may reinstate them simply by paying two months' premiums in addition to submitting the statement. Those who converted must pay all back premiums, together with interest at 5 per cent. Of course, in these cases the "cash value" is also reinstated.

Ordinarily, policies are considered lapsed when a veteran has failed to make a payment of premium within 31 days of the date it was due.

Another extremely attractive feature of NSLI is that converted policies which were allowed to lapse may be reinstated at any time after separation from active service, upon written application showing compliance with health requirements, and upon payment of all monthly premiums together with interest.

NSLI is free from restrictions as to residence, travel, occupation, or military or naval service. The insured may live where he likes, go where he will, or engage in any occupation, even the most hazardous, without any increase in rates and with the same protection enjoyed by persons in sedentary pursuits.

All the money paid in premiums goes into a fund which is held in trust by the U. S. Treasury. The bulk of the fund is invested in government securities. Fees for upkeep, secretarial or bookkeeping work or any other operating expenses are taken care of separately and not deducted from the fund.

In a step to facilitate the insurance setup nationally, the VA is decentralizing its insurance activities. Originally, all insurance matters emanated from the Washington and New York offices. Now the work is being apportioned to 13 branch offices throughout the country. In accordance with this plan, put into operation in mid-April, Boston was the first branch office opened. The second office was St. Louis, Mo. Insurance records for this area were transferred there and the office officially opened in May. Other branches are being opened in Denver, Colo.; Seattle, Wash.; Atlanta, Ga.; Richmond, Va.; Dallas, Tex.; Columbus, Ohio; Philadelphia, Pa.; San Francisco, Calif.; Minneapolis, Minn.; New York, N. Y. (branch office); and Chicago, Ill. All insurance matters concerning any of these areas will be handled by the nearest office.

According to VA insurance officials, this decentralization program is speeding work and rapidly catching up with the present backlog of insurance matters. Conversion of policies, in particular, is now being taken care of with greater dispatch.

During 1945, the VA received 46 million pieces of mail regarding NSLI. The VA is prepared for an even larger number of letters this year. Questions sent in concern practically every phase of the insurance setup: new applications; requests for changes to permanent plans; changes of beneficiaries; changes of names; claims for waiver of premiums based on disability; death claims; requests for loans on converted policies; new allotments from service pay; discontinuance of allotments — in short, everything.

The patient staff at VA receives all requests with equal impartiality and handles letters in the order received. However, one matter, if not watched closely, can hamstring the insurance section in its efforts to help you. This is insufficient information given in letters. All too frequently letters are received with only the veteran's name given in them. Of a total of 1,500,000 direct remittances received by VA, more than 600,000 required special handling because the veteran did not indicate his policy number.

In addition to his name, the veteran should include his rank, branch of service at the time the policy was made out, service serial number, date of separation and date and place of birth, as well as insurance policy or certificate number.

Although no dividends have been declared on World War II policies, some will be forthcoming on all types of NSLI policies when the business in the insurance section levels out to normalcy. Because of the great amount of pressing work to be handled, this may not be for a couple of years.

The benefits in the insurance which Uncle Sam proffers to his veterans are too many and too great to overlook. So, for your own sake, why not confer with your nearest VA official now about your policy, lapsed or otherwise? The sooner you do so, the better. For don't forget that, irrespective of when they lapsed, there's a December 31 deadline on renewal or reinstatement of lapsed policies without physical examinations.

ENC

**VETERANS- continue your  
GOVERNMENT INSURANCE**

**YOU NEEDED IT THEN ...**

**YOU NEED IT NOW!**

**CONSULT YOUR NEAREST OFFICE OF THE  
VETERANS ADMINISTRATION**

Posters such as this one are distributed by the Veterans Administration for display throughout the country. VA continues to urge veterans to reconvert.



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187A

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vision at Guam  
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47B

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708

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by Garland Roark

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46B

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48B

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177A

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131A

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190A

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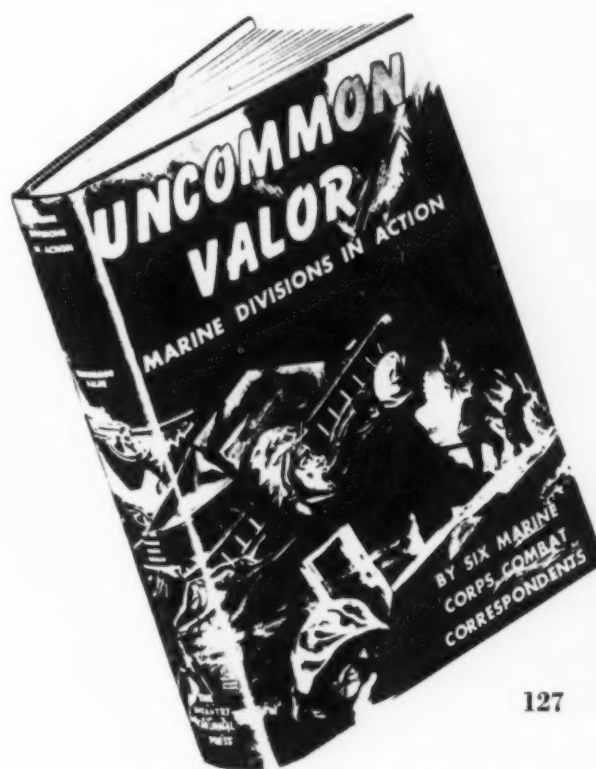
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127

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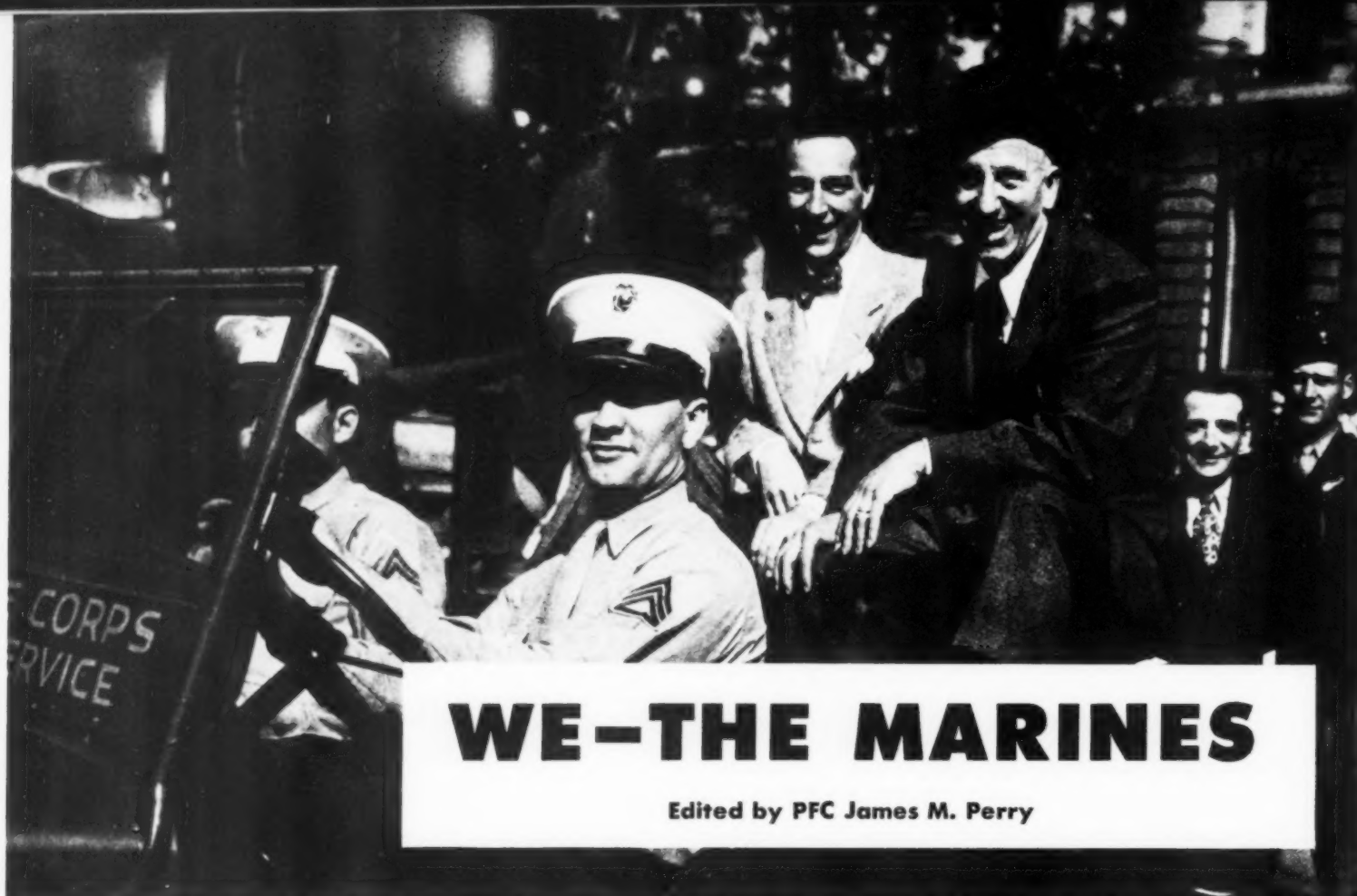
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## WE-THE MARINES

Edited by PFC James M. Perry

Jimmy Durante gives with one of his famous grins while he and Garry Moore aid a Marine recruiting drive in Cleveland. The two Marines are

(left to right) Sergeant H. J. Mitchell and Staff Sergeant H. A. Dennis. Durante and Moore were attending Cleveland's Mid-American Exposition

### The Texas Purchase

One of these days the people of Texas and Tennessee may awake to discover themselves surrounded by pagodas and skullcaps. If so, they can blame it on two of their own native sons, who, for obvious reasons, will remain nameless.

It all started when these two Marines, one a photographer, and the other a correspondent, were on a train going from Tientsin to Peiping to cover the activities of a Marine cease-fire team operating in that district. Being somewhat bored with each other and the humdrum of train travel, they struck up a friendly acquaintance with a Chinese major. The major kindly suggested that they all partake of some "bai gar," a native wine. In the name of good international relations the two Marines could hardly refuse. After the third round the two Marines began to expound the glories of Texas and Tennessee.

The photographer revealed the miracle of the Tennessee Valley Authority to the gaping major.

"Just what we need in China," he gasped.

"O.K.," said the Marine from Tennessee, "I'll sell it to you for ten bucks."

The officer agreed, rose, bowed, shook hands, and shelled out \$23,000 in Chinese currency to the astounded photographer.

The second Marine aroused himself, took a deep breath and talked for two hours on the splendors of Texas.

The major was no piker. He decided to buy up a few chunks of Texas, too.

"Sold," said the Marine, "for \$5 an acre."

The major couldn't have done better if he had been in on the Louisiana Purchase.

### Send More Blondes

Disturbing is the word for some of the radio calls picked up by U.S. Marine jeep patrols on Wake Island. Radio reception is so good on the tiny, now historic rock that frequently the jeeps pick up police calls from San Francisco.

"Go to Geary and Market Streets and pick up a blonde creating a disturbance," the radio will blurt of a balmy evening. This doesn't help homesickness much.

Wake's detachment would like very much to cooperate with civilian police in the West Coast city, but the 4900-odd miles of water are a practical barrier.

### The Life of Nippon

More than 400 Japanese women and children were standing impatiently at the railroad station, awaiting

the train that was to bring their repatriated husbands and fathers home from overseas and a lost war.

One young woman was seen with two small children at her side, and a third strapped to her back. The train wheezed into the station 30 minutes late. Threading her way through the throng, the woman spotted her long-absent husband, and, at the same time, he saw her. With perfect calm the husband and wife approached to within a few feet of each other, stopped, and bowed deeply.

Upon completing this ritual, the wife removed the child from her back, turned around, and stood patiently while the husband loaded her down with his heavy barracks bag. When the bag was in place, he returned to the train, brought out his bedding roll and added that to the already cumbersome burden. With his gear thus packed, the ex-soldier picked up the infant, and the family plodded off to begin life anew.

### World Casualties

Figures recently released by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company show that World War II struck down ten million fighting men.

Smallest loser among the major powers was the United States with 289,000 listed as "killed in action," or "died of wounds."

Estimated Axis deaths totalled 5,200,000 while the United Nations losses were about 4,500,000. Of the Axis deaths, Germany lost 3,250,000; Japan, 1,500,000; Italy, 150,000; Rumania, 100,000; Hungary, 100,000; and Finland, about 50,000. Topping the United Nations list is Russia with 3,000,000 dead, and Great Britain with 375,000.

The total U.S. service fatalities of World War I numbered about 126,000. However, in that war only 4,355,000 men were mobilized as against 12,782,798 who served this time. This makes the percentage slightly greater in World War I.

### So's Your CO<sub>2</sub>

Chow was over, the pots and pans had been washed and put away, and Marine Fighting Squadron 232's mess hall was deserted, except for a baker and a cook.

Maybe it was the continuous Okinawa rain, maybe the proximity to Asia. Whatever the cause, the baker suddenly was seized with an uncontrollable desire to stir up some excitement. Grabbing one of the fire extinguishers he turned it over and started to spray everything within sight with carbon dioxide "snow."

"Hey, knock it off," yelled the cook. "Don't you know it's tough getting CO<sub>2</sub> to fill those things with? It's damn scarce."

"Aw, go to the devil," retorted the baker, angered

at having someone question his fun. "The hell with you and the CO<sub>2</sub>."

At that instant one of the squadron's pilots appeared in the doorway.

"I heard what you said," he snapped. "You can't talk that way about your commanding officer. I'm putting you on report. You'll see the major in the morning."

The CO, needless to say, enjoyed the story as much as did everyone else in the squadron.

### Two-bar Turn-In

It may have been the way he had his emblems on, or, again, it may have been the angle at which he wore his cap. At any rate, California Highway Patrolman Del Fletcher, an ex-Marine private, didn't think the man riding the scooter down Los Angeles's Sunset Boulevard had that two-bar appearance.

Forcing the scooter over to the curb, Fletcher questioned the driver. Not satisfied with the answers, he called in the Shore Patrol.

After several transfers, first from the SPs to the local police and then from the LPs to the FBI, it came out that the suspect was not a Marine captain. In fact, he wasn't a Marine.

Now police are holding the "captain," who says he is George J. O'Connor, a publicity man, on suspicion of theft. He is supposed to have admitted stealing two uniforms and other service apparel.

Up until the time of his arrest O'Connor had been living in the Hollywood Officers' Guild.

### Fond Farewell

The pleasant grass-green and brick-red expanses of Hadnot Point in Camp Lejeune are just a little less pleasant these days. The Women Reserves, who during the war years brightened up the life of the Marine post, are gone. An era there has ended.

The era ended recently with the last of the big dances that had marked its existence. It was a farewell party for 240 WRs whose departure soon thereafter made Lejeune an all-male business once again.

The first of the women came during the summer of 1943. Once they became established they took over many of the office jobs, releasing Marines for combat duty. Many an old-timer resented the idea of a woman Marine, and their welcome was not as warm as some would have liked. But they did their job earnestly and by war's end their value had been widely recognized.

There was a parting buffet supper and gifts of costume jewelry for each at the Lejeune dance. There was a parting salute:

"So long, Mac. Thanks for a job well-done."



## Bouncing Bertelli

His Marine fighting days over, ex-First Lieutenant Angelo Bertelli, onetime Notre Dame football great, apparently faces another fight — a legal one this time — over his services as a professional football player.

While Bertelli was in service he said that he would jump the National League for the new All-America Conference. His possession by the National League at the time was purely nominal. He had been drafted, while yet at college, into the Boston Yanks, but had not signed a contract with them. After returning from overseas he signed with the Los Angeles Dons of the new league. Later, when offered a better deal by the Yanks, he again reversed his field and bounced back to the New England club.

Although the change apparently was very satisfactory to Angelo, no mellow "glad to see you got something better" emanated from the office of the Dons' general manager, Edward P. "Slip" Madigan, himself an ex-Notre Damer. He immediately started legal action to make Bertelli stick to his first contract.

"If he signed a four-year contract with Boston," the former St. Mary's Gaels' coach said, "he'll get no peace from me nor from the All-America Conference for the full four years."

Bertelli served with the Third Division overseas and saw action on Iwo Jima. In addition to his fighting chores, the famed "Springfield Rifle," so-called because of his forward passing prowess, also played with the Marines' All Star Football Team in the Central Pacific, and managed his division's baseball team.

## False Pretenses

A thirsty band of Marines piled into the shop and by signs indicated each wanted two bottles of the product that was on display in the window. The Marines were on liberty and had tramped that day from one end of Fukuoka to the other in search of souvenirs. Coming to the small shop on the outskirts of the city, they decided they'd swill a couple of bottles of brew before returning to the barracks.

The toothy proprietor of the shop, although obviously surprised at the size of the order, smilingly complied with the requests. From experience he knew these Americans to be an odd race. However, when one Marine uncorked a bottle and lifted it to his lips, the Jap thought that that was too much even for an eccentric. Rushing over, he stayed the Marine's arm and by signs and excited gibberish indicated to the would-be swiller to look before he drank. The Marine did. It was red ink. Ink in Japan is bottled in the same



Marie Gonsalves is holding the Medal of Honor awarded posthumously to her brother Harold

tall, green bottles as beer. You have to have a sharp eye to keep out of the red.

## Radio People Are Funny

At the risk of infuriating some of our dear friends, we are going to come right out and squarely admit that we love radio quiz programs. There is something that delights us in seeing a man get a pair of nylons, a tube of shave cream, a subscription to *Esquire* and a rowboat, because he knows there are 30 days in the month of September, or some similarly exciting fact. We enjoy sitting by our radio and hollering the answers at it, before the contestants in the studio can snap out of their confusion. We always know the answers, of course, and often the right ones. Our only consolation when a contestant loses is to hear Dr. IQ say happily: "But a box of Forever Yours to that gentleman!"

This being our case, we're glad the suspense is over and the lieutenant has won his airplane. He did it on the People Are Funny program, and it took three Friday nights for us to pull him through.

Actually, the lieutenant is now a civilian, but he used to be in the Marine Corps, and that is enough for us. His name is Robert Gray.

One Friday evening he came up before Art Linkletter, master of ceremonies for People Are Funny. Mr. Linkletter told him he was extraordinarily fortunate, because, being the program's 300th contestant, he could win an airplane by answering one simple question.

And then Mr. Linkletter became very apologetic.

"It seems," he said, "that I have forgotten the question."

Mr. Linkletter felt terrible. But the question would have to be answered, whatever it might be. He suggested Mr. Gray get up a list of questions and come back the following Friday evening. Mr. Gray did, but he hadn't found the right query. Mr. Linkletter was sorry, but — then he remembered having told a certain man the question he had forgotten, before he forgot it. He gave Mr. Gray a nickel, and told him to call up anybody possessing that name in the local Los Angeles phone book.

At the following broadcast, Mr. Gray was back. He'd called 2000 people of the name mentioned by Linkletter, he said. (That would be \$100 worth of nickels, by the way).

"I got one out of the bathtub," he said, "and the fellow growled, 'What time is it? I'm in a hurry'."

"At least 50 said, 'What is this, a gag?'"

Linkletter asked how he'd spelled the name of the person he was looking for.

TURN PAGE





Wake Island hero, Colonel James P. S. Devereux, is wed in a Baltimore Catholic Church to Miss Rachel Clarke Cook in a formal military ceremony



Final scene in the war separation drama of Marine James Somers' family is enacted in Los Angeles. Somers was a Jap POW until the war's end

"S-m-i-t-h," Mr. Gray replied, spelling it out. "Oh, I'm so sorry," Linkletter said in a very sad voice. "I neglected to tell you this man spells his name S-m-y-t-h-e."

You could hear a jaw drop after that one. "By the way," said Linkletter, "last week in asking for questions did you inquire at the police station?"

"Yes, I asked the desk sergeant," Gray answered.

"What did he do?"

"He picked up a pencil and wrote my name."

"Your name? How did he get it?"

"He asked me. He said, 'What's your name?'"

Linkletter exploded.

"Hold it!" said Linkletter. "It's all coming back to me. What's your name?"

"Robert Gray," said the patient ex-lieutenant.

"I remember now. That's the question, and you've answered it correctly. The plane is yours!" said Linkletter.

## A Friendly Japanese

From Kyushu, Japan, comes the story of a Japanese who seems to have shown active friendship toward Allied prisoners of war, while his country was still fighting against the United States. The story does not include this extraordinary fellow's name, but reveals that he is unusually tall and slender for one of his race, and speaks with a positive terseness.

"X" is middle-aged, and spent a number of years in Hawaii. Late in 1938, he traveled to Japan, bringing his children to the homeland, where they were to live with their grandparents. Before X himself could go back to Hawaii, he was drafted into the Japanese forces as a machinist.

Stationed in 1941 at a camp in southern Honshu, he found himself among British and Australian prisoners who had been captured in Java and Singapore. These men were assigned to tasks "too dangerous or menial for Chinese and Korean coal miners," X reports. He describes later American air raids, in which these Orientals were permitted to take shelter, while British and Australians were forced to march in formation to a breakwater, there to remain unsheltered as the bombs fell.

There was not a great deal X could do for these men, but he managed one favor that, hazardous to himself, was extremely gratifying to the prisoners. He got hold of English editions of Japanese newspapers and magazines, and smuggled them into the camp. These he gave to a British artillery lieutenant, who read them in the toilets, memorized the news they contained and then destroyed them. The news was spread among the other prisoners by word of mouth.

X has other stories to tell, but they are similar to those from the other Jap camps, and involve the sort of cruelty and callousness that everyone has heard of.

X says he told other Japanese, after Germany surrendered, that "if the United States wins the war, Japanese higher-ups will be treated just like German higher-ups are being treated now by the Allies. We,

the little fellows, will not be bothered." When this statement was repeated to military police, X was severely beaten.

The reason for accepting the statements made by X is his possession of letters written by grateful former prisoners. One of the letters states that he befriended the captives "at great personal risk."

## Salute the Ensign

Some people who have never been in the Corps are inclined to pooh-pooh the snowing proclivities of Marines. So we'd like to tell you about a real snow job.

A Navy ensign tells this on himself. Feeling sharp and perfectly capable of facing anything the world had to offer, he swung smartly through the gate of the Washington, D. C., Navy Yard. A sergeant called his squad to attention and gave the officer a salute.

To everyone who has been through Marine boot camp the staccato "ten-hut," with the accent on the "hut," is for an officer of any rank. But the ensign was completely confused. He snapped to attention and gazed rigidly to the front.

The Marines were surprised. But they could hold it as long as the ensign. In a few moments the officer slid his eyes first to one side, then the other. He said later he was looking for the gold braid. Finally he turned his head a little, then a little more and then he realized that the command had not been for an admiral. It had been for him.

He unfroze, snapped a return salute to the grinning sergeant and marched smartly away, his face as red as the setting sun.

## Communist Confusion

Either the top military men of Communist China cannot hear well or their system of scuttlebutt is alarmingly inadequate. A Chinese Communist general had never heard of the United States Marines until he met some on one of the cease-fire teams that are attempting to prevent bloodshed in Manchuria.

It goes without saying that as soon as the confession was out of the general's mouth he was confronted with some of the fastest talking known to modern man. The Marines immediately set about setting him straight on the military situation in the outside world.

In fact, the general was so impressed that he assured the injured parties that not only would he remember but he would spread the word among his troops to prevent a recurrence of similar "offences."

## Hitchhiking in High Places

The Marine was having a tough time getting rides. It was a hot day and he was only five miles out of Washington. Finally, a sleek, black car with the top down slowed up and a man in the back seat asked the Marine to hop in.

Because the Marine's bespectacled companion seemed to be interested in the war, the vet gave him the dope on

Two Jima, Okinawa, and other battles. The two hit it off in good style.

It was only when a special detail of police, along with various officials, met the car outside Frederick, Md., that it finally dawned on the Marine that his companion was the President of the United States.

The President told the story with considerable relish that afternoon, at a picnic in Frederick. He couldn't recall the Marine's name.

# Deep Six

One of the outstanding Marine heroes, Captain Mitchell Paige, will make his home near San Diego when he returns to civilian life. Capt. Paige, who vacationed in the Pacific Northwest with his wife and 7-month-old child during his terminal leave in May, plans to take a position with the Veterans Administration and settle down on the West Coast. Paige was one of five Marines who won the Medal of Honor on Guadalcanal.

\*\*\*\*\*

An idea of the magnitude of the task confronting the Veterans Administration at present and in years to come can be obtained from a figure released recently by that government agency. As of April 30, 1946, the veteran population of the United States was 15,884,000. This includes veterans of the Spanish-American War and World War I, as well as of World War II. The VA must take care of ailing veterans if their sickness is service-incurred; of government insurance; of guaranteeing loans; and of many other services for the veterans.

\*\*\*\*\*

Former enlisted men comprise 63 per cent of the 3139 midshipmen currently attending the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Included in this figure are 73 former Marines. Appointment of a minimum of 200 enlisted men to the Academy each year is authorized by law: 100 from the Regular Navy and Regular Marine Corps, and 100 from the Naval Reserve and the Marine Corps Reserve.

\*\*\*\*\*

Next of kin of deceased Marines are entitled to national ensigns, the Navy Department has announced. The request for flags should be addressed to the Commandant and should include name, rank and serial number of the deceased relative.

\*\*\*\*\*

Another destroyer recently launched from the U. S. Naval Shipyard, Boston, Massachusetts, has been named for a deceased Marine hero. It is the USS *Richard E. Kraus* and honors a private first class of that name who distinguished himself in action on Peleliu. He won the Medal of Honor as a member of the 8th Amphibious Tractor Battalion, Third Phib Corps.

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